APRIL 1, 1961. VOL. CCXLV. No. 3174. TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

THE SPHERE

Perfectly Simple...
Simply Invaluable!

BRITISH SEAGULL
"The best Outboard Motor for the World"
THE BRITISH SEAGULL COMPANY LIMITED, FLEETS BRIDGE, POOLE, DORSET. Tel. POOLE 1651

PARIPAN LIMITED
PARIPAN Dryfast ENAMEL * PAREMUL Emulsion PAINT * PARIMAT Steamproof FINISH
EGHAM · SURREY

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS • CEREBOS LTD
Cerebos
The "finest" salt

Duff Gordon Sherry **EL CÍD** PRODUCE OF SPAIN *Light Amontillado*

OPTREX
THE EYE LOTION
TAKES THE STRAIN OUT OF MODERN LIVING

DAVIES INVESTMENTS LIMITED
PRIVATE BANKERS
Gross assets exceed £2,500,000
continue to pay
7½% per annum
interest on deposits for the eighth year in succession, with ½% added annually on each £500 unit.
Details and Audited Balance Sheet from
INVESTMENT DEPT. SRE., DAVIES INVESTMENTS LTD.
DANES INN HOUSE, 265 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

GEISWEILER
the Greatest name in Burgundy

TIO PEPE
Spain's Dry Sherry
GONZALEZ BYASS

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 195, JOHN ADAM STREET, LONDON, W.C.2. Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom. FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE CONTENTS PAGE PRICE 2/6

If your problem is moving merchandise to and from the Mediterranean, ELLERMAN is the keyword. Practically every day ELLERMAN ships pass Gibraltar carrying capital goods for industry, re-exports and general consumer goods of all kinds. Homeward bound they may carry the innumerable products of Italy, the Currants of Greece or the famous Turkish Sultanas; the varied fruits of the earth from Cyprus or other merchandise of the Arab States. They know, these international shippers, that an ELLERMAN ship is safe and sure . . . that ELLERMAN service is world-wide, competent and competitive. When you need help in the carrying of merchandise on any of the world's trade routes, bear in mind that ELLERMAN Lines' 99 ships, their facilities and incomparable experience are at your disposal.

ELLERMAN LINES

Serve the trade routes of the world

ELLERMAN LINES SERVE THE WORLD'S TRAVELLERS

Two classes of Ellerman ships carry passengers with comfort and much luxury. The Ellerman Twelves with 12 passengers and the "City" class with 100. *These ships serve South and East Africa on regular services, and in addition, the Twelves frequently sail on the Indian, Far Eastern and Australasian routes. For passenger enquiries please communicate with Ellerman Lines Passenger Office,* 29/34, *Cockspur Street, London, S.W.*1. *Tel.: Whitehall* 5372*: For freight enquiries please refer to Ellerman Lines Head Office,* 12/20, *Camomile Street, London, E.C.*3. *Tel.: Avenue* 4311.

Volume CCXLV No. 3174

THE SPHERE

LONDON, April 1, 1961

© 1961. Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. *All Rights Reserved*

With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL AT EASTER

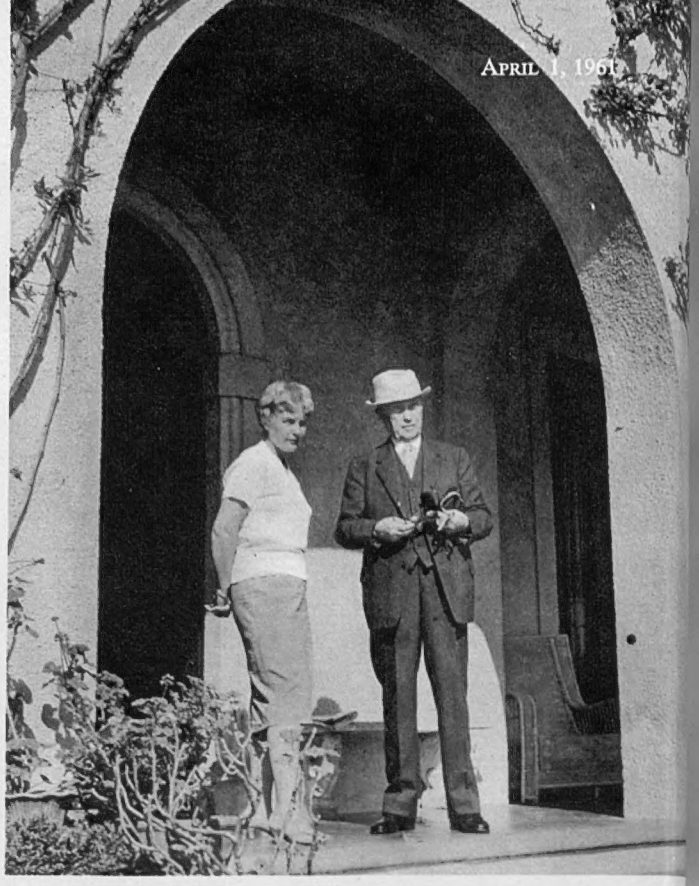
A bishop's mitre surmounts the gateway to the south transept of Surrey's new cathedral on Stag Hill. The cathedral is to be consecrated in the presence of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on May 17. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, will be present. Guildford's new Bishop, the Right Rev. G. E. Reindorp, formerly Provost of Southwark, was consecrated Bishop at Southwark last Saturday. He is to be enthroned on April 12 in Guildford's Holy Trinity Church, the eighteenth-century building which has served as the cathedral of the Diocese since it was formed in 1927. The new cathedral is the only one to be erected on a new site in the South of England since the Middle Ages. It stands on ground given by the 5th Earl of Onslow and is surrounded by land given by the late Lord Bennett, a former Prime Minister of Canada, in memory of the Canadian soldiers stationed round Guildford in the two world wars. Although work started in 1936, it was abandoned during the war and not restarted until the early 1950's. For some time now, an Altar has stood at the east end and the cathedral crypt has been used for public worship

Postage: Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

At the Italian Socialist Party National Conference in Milan, Signor Nenni (left), the Party's Secretary, clutches the coat of Signor Mancini, a Party official, during a lively discussion. The conference eventually approved Signor Nenni's policy. He called for an approach towards the Christian Democrats, at present forming the minority Government, and re-affirmed the need for independence from the Communists at a national level

SIGNOR NENNI MAKES HIS POINT

Far right: Standing in the entrance of his villa at Griante, near Cadenabbia, on Lake Como, is Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, with his daughter. He regularly spends his holidays on Lake Como. Last week, at the lakeside resort, Dr. Adenauer had a meeting with Signor Fanfani, the Italian Prime Minister, and Signor Segni, the Italian Foreign Secretary



DR. ADENAUER ON HOLIDAY IN ITALY

The most famous of living painters, the seventy-nine-year-old Pablo Picasso, is with his favourite model, Jacqueline Roque. It was revealed recently that he had secretly married her in a civil ceremony at Vallauris in Southern France. The couple then returned to Picasso's villa near Cannes. Jacqueline Roque has been the painter's constant companion for the last five years. His first wife died in 1955

PABLO PICASSO AND HIS WIFE

Far right: At Vang Lutheran church near Hamar in Norway, Mrs. Ingrid Berjkas is with the Bishop of Hamar, Dr. Kristian Schjelderup, after having been ordained Norway's first woman priest The possibility of ordaining women priests has become a burning issue in Norway. Six of the country's nine bishops announced their opposition

NORWAY'S FIRST WOMAN PRIEST

AWASH IN THE MEDITERRANEAN OFF THE ITALIAN COAST

The oil tanker *Prima Tomei* lies submerged off the Italian coast after she had run aground in dense fog on the rocks near the entrance to the harbour at Genoa. All members of the crew of the 709-ton vessel were taken off by local lifeboats

A FRENCH HOUSE THREATENED BY A MASSIVE ROCK

At Mondeville in Normandy, M. Fernand Grihaut stands gloomily outside his house as firemen remove his furniture and belongings. The rock, which had rolled down the hillside, came to rest against the side wall of the building and threatened to demolish it

MR. K. WHELDON'S JOHNS COURT, RIDDEN BY THE APPRENTICE B. LEE AND TRAINED BY E. COUSINS, WINS THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP

In the first big race of the Flat Season, the grey, Johns Court, passes the post three lengths clear to win the Lincolnshire Handicap. Second and third are Honeycomb Rock and Honeymoor. All three horses started at long odds. There were thirty-seven horses in the field. W. H. Carr, the Queen's jockey, who was riding Small Slam, fell and suffered a broken collar-bone and broken bones in his ankle

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND MR. FRANCIS CHICHESTER

Right : At the Royal Western Yacht Club of England dinner held in London, the Duke of Edinburgh is presenting *The Observer* trophy to Mr. Francis Chichester, the winner of the first single-handed transatlantic yacht race sailed last summer

THE RUSSIAN JOCKEYS CHECK THEIR WEIGHT

Far right above: The three Russian jockeys in England for the Grand National look at the scales to find out how much difference English food has made to their weight. From left are Vladimir Prakhov, Boris Ponomarenko and Ivan Abdeyev. A few days before the Grand National was run at Aintree last Saturday, one of the three Russian horses, Epigraff II, was declared unfit, apparently suffering from attacks of cramp

MR. MENZIES HONOURED

After the Degree Day ceremony at Leeds University are, from left, Sir Charles Morris, Vice-Chancellor of the University; Mr. Menzies, Australian Prime Minister; the Princess Royal's page, Julian Bell; the Princess Royal, Chancellor of the University; Brigadier J. N. Tetley, Pro-Chancellor and Mr. David Bateman, the President of the University Students' Union. Earlier the Princess Royal had conferred an Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws on Mr. Menzies

The *Fireflair*, which went into service last week on the Thames, is a 66-ft.-long fireboat able to give a greatly improved fire cover for shipping and riverside property along the Thames between Barking Creek and the estuary. It has a speed of ten knots and can send 1,500 gallons of water a minute through its four upward pointing jets, placed fore and aft on the vessel. This volume can be doubled by using other appliances. The *Fireflair* carries foam for fighting oil fires and is equipped with radar. She has been chartered by the Kent and Essex County councils from the War Office and has a permanent crew of four. Additional firemen can be called in times of need from Gravesend

A NEW FIREBOAT FOR THE THAMES IS DEMONSTRATED AT GRAVESEND

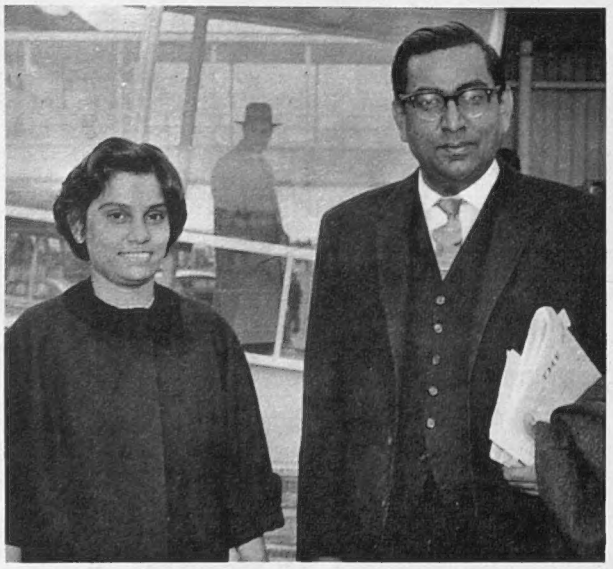
On their return from a holiday in the West Indies during the winter, Mr. T. S. Eliot is with his wife on board the liner *Queen Elizabeth* at Southampton after the voyage from New York. The eminent poet and critic, who is seventy-two, regularly spends the winter abroad. He married his second wife in 1957. She is 33 and before her marriage was Mr. Eliot's private secretary

MR. AND MRS. T. S. ELIOT BACK IN BRITAIN

Far right: Arriving for Sportsmen's Night at the Players' Theatre, London, is the England test cricketer, Mr. Ted Dexter, with his wife. Left is the Pearly Queen of Hampstead, Mrs. Bert Matthews. A number of leading British sporting figures took part in the charity programme, the proceeds of which were donated to the Sunshine Fund for Blind Babies and Children

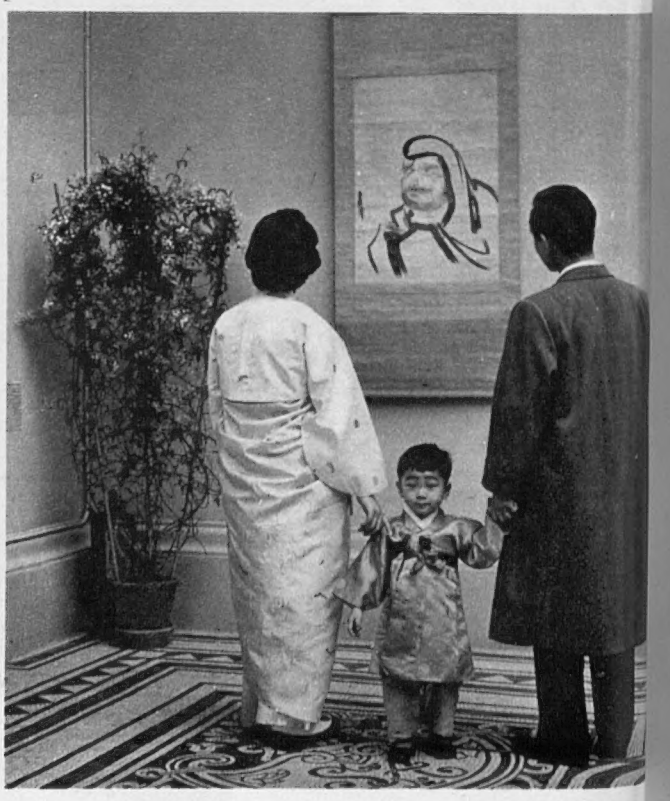
TED DEXTER PLAYS THE BARREL ORGAN

Mr. Felix Bandaranaike and his wife leave London Airport for Moscow. Ceylon's Finance Minister was to have talks with his Soviet opposite number for the purpose of strengthening the financial ties between their two countries. Mr. Bandaranaike is a nephew of Solomon Bandaranaike, the Prime Minister who was murdered in 1959 and whose wife is now Ceylon's Premier



CEYLON'S FINANCE MINISTER VISITS RUSSIA

Far right: Two-year-old Yong il Shin is apparently not interested as his father and mother look at one of the pictures in the exhibition of the National Art Treasures of Korea at the Victoria and Albert Museum. His father is Third Secretary at the Korean Embassy. Open until May 7, the exhibition of 152 works is the first of its kind ever to be held in Britain



THE FIRST KOREAN ART EXHIBITION IN LONDON

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

At the resumption of the Three-power talks in Geneva, Mr. Tsarapkin, the Soviet chief delegate and chairman for the day, is sitting at the top of the table in the centre. The Americans are on the left with Mr. Arthur Dean, their leader, in the third seat from the front. The British, on the right, are led by Mr. Ormsby-Gore, Minister of State at the Foreign Office, who is third from the foreground. On behalf of the West, Mr. Dean tabled several sweeping concessions designed to meet Russian objections to the Western proposals put forward last year for banning nuclear tests. The new suggestions included an offer of parity in numbers between the West and the Communists in the composition of an international control commission. Earlier, Mr. Tsarapkin, in opening the proceedings, had strongly attacked Mr. Hammarskjold and uttered a warning to the French about their nuclear tests. Russia did not immediately re-act to the new Western proposals. The reopening of the Geneva talks coincided with the Anglo-American moves against Communist intervention in the growing crisis in Laos

THE 274TH MEETING OF THE CONFERENCE ON BANNING NUCLEAR TESTS

As he enters Parliament in Cape Town, the South African Prime Minister is greeted by students from Stellenbosch, his own University. They are carrying posters with slogans supporting his withdrawal from the Commonwealth. Dr. Verwoerd defended this step in his speech to the House of Assembly on March 23, his first major public utterance since his return from the Prime Ministers' Conference. Meanwhile, in Durban and other towns in Natal there were protest marches against South Africa's secession and demands were to be put forward for separate Commonwealth membership for Natal Province

DR. VERWOERD WELCOMED HOME IN CAPE TOWN

DURBAN'S "STAY IN COMMONWEALTH" DEMONSTRATION

Widows and children of some of the fifteen Congolese officers and politicians executed recently by Lumumbists, gather after a Requiem in Leopoldville. Their heads are shaved as a sign of bereavement

American missionary families, evacua

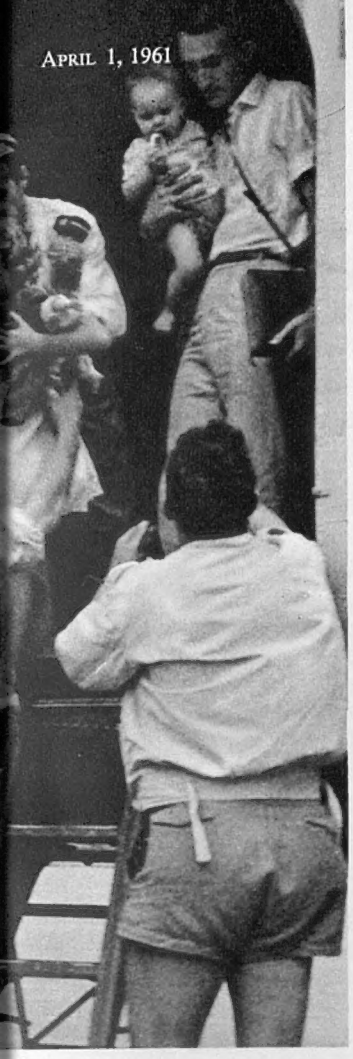
Mr. el-Kouny, U.A.R. Ambassador to Britain, and Madame el-Kouny at London Airport

Lord Alport, the U.K. High Commissioner to Rhodesia and Nyasaland, presents awards to police at Lilayi

AFRICA

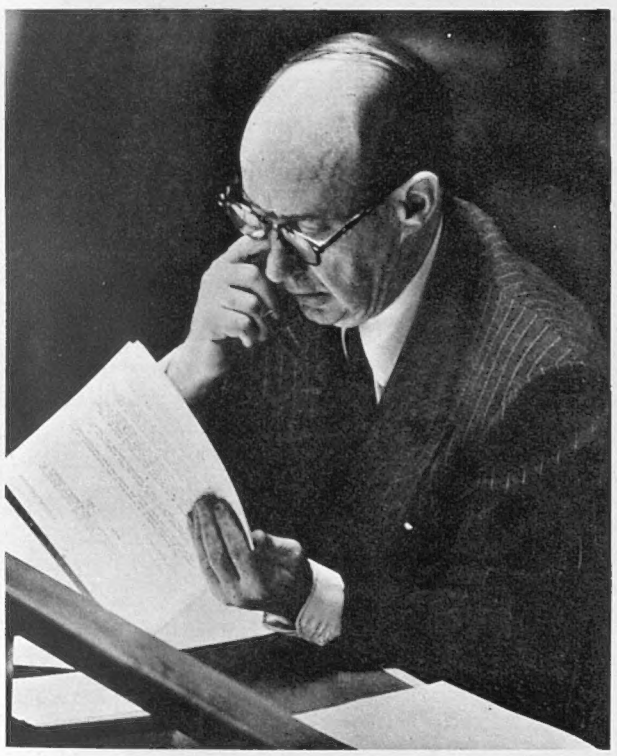
Africa, as usual, presented a variety of moods and aspects last week. In the north, in Egypt, the final stage was concluded in the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between the U.A.R. and Britain when Mr. el-Kouny, the new U.A.R. Ambassador, flew to London to take up his post. Sir Harold Beeley, Britain's Ambassador, had arrived a few days earlier in Cairo. In West Africa the links binding the French Community were demonstrated by the journey to Paris on a three-day State visit of President Leon Mba, of Gabon, the smallest member of the Community. (Gabon became independent last August.)

Lord Alport, the new United Kingdom High Commissioner to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, was carrying out a busy programme. Among his engagements was attendance at the passing-out parade of Northern Rhodesia Police recruits at their training school in Lilayi, near Lusaka. Lord Alport presented a number of awards gained by recruits in their training. Sir Roy Welensky, the Federal Prime Minister, had returned from London. He declared that as a result of his talks with Mr. Macmillan on the future constitution of Northern Rhodesia, " no doors were closed." The

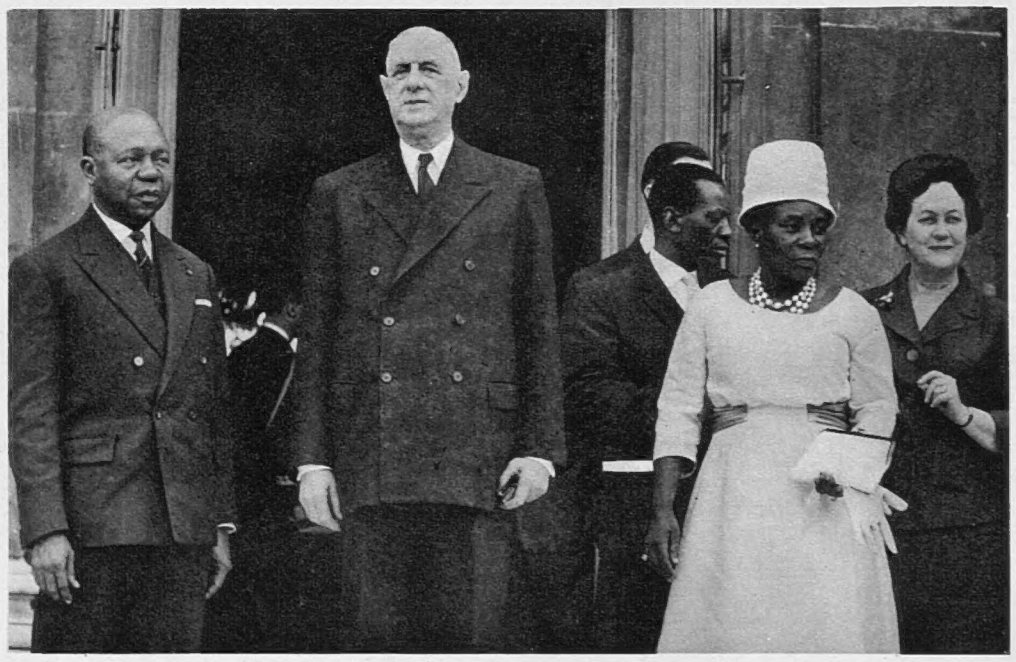


m east Congo, arrive in Leopoldville

Mr. Krishna Menon, Indian Defence Minister, shakes hands with a soldier at Delhi airport. The Gurkha unit was about to fly to Congo

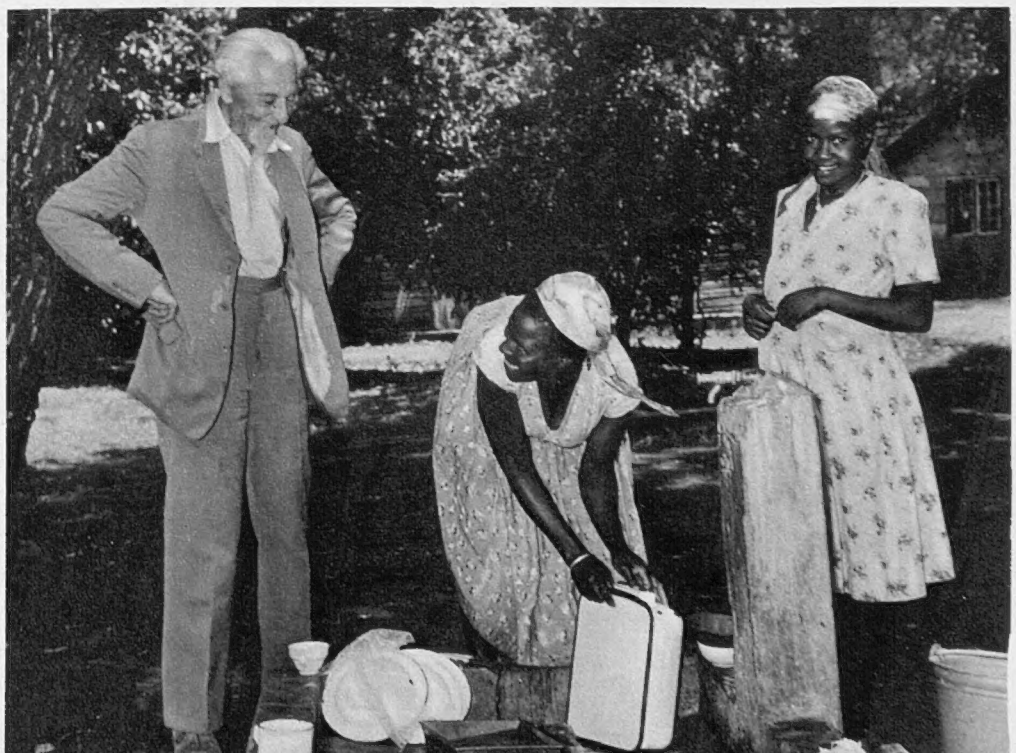


Mr. Adlai Stevenson attacks Russia in the U.N. Assembly



President de Gaulle with President Mba (left), of Gabon; Madame Mba and Madame de Gaulle

Colonel Grogan, Kenya's oldest pioneer settler, talks with native women outside his home in Nairobi



constitutional question was to be reopened in discussions between all the political groups at Lusaka.

In Kenya eighty-six-year-old Colonel Ewart Grogan, the country's oldest and best-known pioneer settler, announced he had sold his 120,000-acre estates to a group of Asians, because he was convinced " Kenya is finished for Europeans." The Colonel, who was a friend of Rhodes, will live in a small house in Kenya.

Congo continued to be one of the major problems of the continent. Europeans and Americans were still being evacuated from outlying districts to Leopoldville. The first of the 3,000 Indian combat troops to strengthen the U.N. forces reached the Congolese capital at a time when President Kasavubu was calling for the withdrawal of the U.N. units. Differences between the U.N. and the self-styled Congo Confederation, agreed upon at the recent Madagascar Conference by all the various Congolese factions except the Lumumbists, seemed to be growing ever more acute. The subject of Congo was the cause of an angry scene in the U.N. General Assembly in New York when Mr. Adlai Stevenson, the U.S. chief representative, made a bitter attack on Mr. Gromyko regarding Russia's demands on Congo. Mr. Stevenson accused the Soviet delegate of introducing " the worst and most destructive traditions of the cold war."

JOHN CONNELL

A LITTLE CHAT WITH THE MINISTER

Were I a Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, awaiting with urbanity and calm the arrival of a new and inexperienced Secretary of State, what kind of general diplomatic appreciation of world affairs at the moment would I prepare for the august neophyte? Since the likelihood of my daydream being fulfilled is now, we must admit, pretty small, I can indulge my fancy to the hilt.

After the appropriate flourishes of welcome, which have their own importance on such an occasion, I should say: it ought to be your task, my bucko, under my sage and skilful guidance, to adjust this country's foreign policy—and perhaps even more important, the attitudes and moods which mould policy—to a radically new situation. There are certain sharply disturbing changes occurring in the Commonwealth, which must be the concern of your right honourable and formidably learned friend; but interrelated as they are to the array of issues which you must tackle, I mention them only to dismiss them.

But, take my tip, dear boy, don't you be such an ass as to lose touch with your friend or to think the Commonwealth doesn't matter. By golly it does. All the more so because we may have to reappraise its whole character and purpose against an unfamiliar and far from helpful background. What it is essential to realise is that the initiative in world affairs has passed, with startling speed, into quite new hands. Nothing is static in modern diplomacy; there are no rules and damned few precedents. One of my wittier colleagues—so witty indeed that it has proved quite impossible to promote him out of the comparatively lowly position he now occupies, thank goodness we still believe that dullness is synonymous with merit—where was I? Oh yes, one of my wittier colleagues observed not long ago that a Foreign Secretary nowadays has to play chess blindfold, with pieces whose character and function are constantly changing, and on a board which is in a perpetual state of flux.

There has lately entered your rather arduous tournament, dear Secretary of State, a new and restlessly energetic contestant who positively likes playing the game in this way. Oh, you have noticed him, have you? Well, well, well, we 'll make a Foreign Secretary of you yet. And did you notice—as I did, of course—that one day last week, a perfectly typical day, in no way out of the ordinary, *The New York Times*, which as an informed chronicler of American official and diplomatic activity is without a rival, had four headlined stories on page one, each dealing with some new and major decision made or about to be made by President Kennedy? " President Plans New Youth Corps of Conservation " we read, " President Calls for Half-Billion of Added Funds," " President Meets Advisers on Laos," and " U.S. Due to Offer Some Concession in Test-Ban Talk, Kennedy Would Let Soviet Examine Older Weapons Used in Blast Studies."

Mr. Rusk, Mr. Gromyko and Mr. Stevenson meet in Washington

I cannot altogether quell my shuddering distaste for such maltreatment of the English language, but I am filled with awe (and, my respected boss, I hope you are, too) at the hurricane of freshness which, with Washington as its epicentre, is blowing round the world. There are moments when I feel a certain unedifying glee at the thought that Mr. Khrushchev, caught up in this gale, looks for all the world like a slightly fuddled old spinster on a blustery day in Edinburgh, trying to get out of Princes Street and down the Waverley Steps. Skirts whirled out of control, umbrella turned inside out, basket full of space project eggs rocking perilously—perhaps the poor old dear will have to let off a rocket soon. So perhaps she will. Tell that secret to the wind.

I must turn, reluctantly, of course, from this pleasing picture to the question—posed in the terms of our simple system of values—" Is this wind a good thing or a bad thing? " Its speed, suddenness and violence may lead us to suppose that it has no comprehensible purpose, blows to no end but the release of its own energy. This would be an unjust conclusion.

Mr. Dean Rusk, who (it is perhaps unnecessary to remind you, but I wonder if it is) is your opposite number in the United States, and may be believed to speak in the same tone of voice as the President, said at the University of California's Charter Day last week: " The underlying forces producing change are familiar. To state them simply, they are a quest for freedom (national and individual), a groping for a rule of law, and a yearning for social and economic improvement. So identified, our relation to them becomes clear. They are congenial forces, rooted in ideas upon which we have built our own nation, a striving which has been a part of our own struggle, aspirations which we share with human beings in all parts of the world. The United States, indeed Western democracy, must take the lead in building a world in which men can be free under law and in which the human spirit will not be subdued by hunger, disease and despair."

Now you may say—because you are as realistic a politician as the rest of them—that them 's noble words, but merely words, and millions and millions of words have gone on record, just as noble, to absolutely no practical effect other than to bring the world to its current state of chassis, which is as perplexing to us now as it was to the Joxer of forty years ago. And to tell you the truth, you sly puss, you 'd likely be right.

But I have a feeling in my old bones, and at the tips of my prehensile fingers, that Mr. Rusk *means* what he says and that there is a practical and moral purpose behind his words. I have the same feeling about the President and the same feeling about Mr. Adlai Stevenson, who chose to make his maiden speech in the U.N. Assembly the occasion of a blisteringly outspoken attack on the Soviet Union for its policy and behaviour in that forum. This was the traditional Soviet-American duel with a difference, and it came as a salutary surprise to the Assembly.

The overriding authority behind America's new policies and patterns of behaviour is undeniably the President himself—resolute, tireless, brimful of ideas and, above all, confident. Mr. James Reston sees this confidence as part of the charm of the President and of his Administration. It certainly (if I may use a phrase which is unfamiliar to most of us in these stately precincts) keeps them all on their toes. In a single week the Administration took steps to save Laos, to liberate Angola from " colonialist " rule, to stamp out poverty and disease in Latin America, and to help to co-ordinate the solutions of Europe's financial and economic problems. I cannot forbear from quoting the excellent Mr. Reston once more: " It was a good week's work, but something has to be left to the Lord, and somebody is going to have to establish some priorities for dealing with all these problems."

Harness a system of priorities on a hurricane? Oh yes, that is essential; but have we here even recognised (and this goes for your humble adviser just as much as for the imposing personage to whom he has the honour of addressing himself) that there is a hurricane blowing?

For example have we studied—and this might well be the first file you send for, after we 've finished this cosy little conversation—the effect of the United States' decision to support, alongside the Soviet Union, the Afro-Asian resolution on Angola which went through the Security Council a fortnight ago? The Americans thus ranged themselves against their Nato allies in an attack on the colonial policy of one of those allies, and in concert with the principal anti-Nato Power which has persistently refused any and every inquiry into its own colonial policy, whether in Central Asia or in Eastern Europe. The American Administration's argument is that this was an *ad hoc* decision, and that (look out, boys, here it comes) there will be more and more decisions of this character in future. It will henceforth weigh one set of major considerations against another, as in this instance it pondered the effect of a major affront to the United States' Nato allies, and a possible danger to Nato itself, as opposed to adherence to its anti-colonial and " democratic " policy in Africa.

There is, I suggest, some smoothly plausible but quite illogical thinking behind such a proposition. What sort of consistency can we expect to come out of its application to the day-to-day conduct of international relations? I do like a breath of fresh air, don't you, Secretary of State? But it mustn't blow the foundations of our society away, must it? Because if it does, we shall all have to think again pretty quickly.

And that, my dear Sir, is *your* problem. Why? Oh, I quite forgot to tell you. This is my last day in this frowsty dump, chum, and as from tomorrow my inexperienced moron of a Deputy takes over and, take it from me, you 'll have to do an awful lot of your own thinking then. Me? Oh, I 'm getting a job on British Railways. Goodbye. I *have* so enjoyed our chat.

A West German and a British officer salute as they pass German soldiers and the ten men of the Green Howards at Hemer Barracks, in West Germany

COMRADES AND KAMERADEN

Last week ten men from the Green Howards, stationed at Iserlohn, reported for duty for ten days' training with the 203 Panzer Grenadiers of the West German Army at Hemer. The British soldiers were all volunteers for this course. They are the first British squad to have served with the West German Army. They were welcomed at a parade at which British and Prussian marches were played. Ten Germans will train with the Green Howards in May.

Comrades in arms fall out for a smoke in a barrack-room at Hemer

The Green Howards form the middle rank between the Germans

The British troops are shown the gun on a German tank

Coaches of an empty passenger train lie on their side on Cannon Street Bridge in London, after colliding with a crowded train travelling from Addiscombe to Cannon Street Station. Several passengers on the inbound train, on left, were injured, but there were no serious casualties

The 115-year-old locomotive *Derwent* is lifted at Bank Top Station, Darlington, to be taken to Darlington North Road locomotive works for renovation. The *Derwent* is a familiar exhibit at Bank Top Station

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

EASTER. Easter Eve falls on All Fools' Day and I hope there is nothing ominous in the conjunction. The poets have taught us to look forward to April as the end of the long, cold, winter months, and " all the season of snows and sins," and to thank Heaven for being in England now. But nowadays so many things are haywire. If our sins all winter were as scarlet, we had no real winter in the South and between February and March enjoyed ideal April weather with some hints of May and June. I don't know what the paid weather experts will tell us now. They proved very wrong in their autumn prophecy of a hard winter, and may hedge now by warning us to expect a deferred hard winter in May and June. And, of course, prophets, especially Jonahs, sometimes *are* right. They can always bank on the bad fairies still being active agents in human affairs. But, for my part, I live in an area of England where the daily prophecies of weather wizards are always vague and usually wrong, and I take my weather as it comes, and enjoy it when I can. And I like the sound of April and Easter. Both encourage me more than does New Year's Day to try to turn over a new leaf and start again from the egg. And, in the time-honoured custom, I wish all readers a happy Easter and some pleasant months to come.

HAYWIRE. If Dr. Beeching, the new Railway Chief, succeeds, after he has been as long in office as was his predecessor, in making an efficient service of B.R.s, the nation would consider him not overpaid at £240,000 a year. Time alone can show his wizardry. He has somehow to wipe off an annual deficit of £100,000,000 and re-create an efficient service. Meanwhile, he is to receive the salary which the shareholders in I.C.I. presumably considered he deserved. He has accepted the job, assured of no loss of income. He can still retain £6,500 a year for personal spending. That reveals the haywire " meaning of money " to-day. To me, it reveals something else. Whether from lack of opposition and long and undisputed power or from some other causes, such as unshakable moral courage or recklessness, the Tory Government seems to have grown insensitive to public opinion and to the likely consequences of some of its decisions in the reactions produced on the Opposition (such as it is) and large sections of the public. Restraint in wage claims is for ever being urged on the millions who do the jobs at the bench, on the tracks and in the mines and workshops. Many a man holding a responsible job, even a key position, must satisfy himself that he is passing rich on £20 a week, less tax. To the railwaymen, it must be a red rag to a bull that no successor to Sir B. Robertson could be found from their own industry and that the man selected should require that fantastic, if " paper " salary. The complaint of the older railway staffs, since nationalisation, has always been that the men at the top can never see through the eyes of the footplate men. It seems to me that the charge made against the Opposition of playing politics with personalities during the uproar they caused when Mr. Marples announced the appointment is not a valid one. They were shocked, as many of us were, by the choice of a man who has only a few months' " book " experience of railway work, at a rate of salary which must be a fresh incentive to fantastic demands from all and sundry for big increases, to keep pace with what men at the top in industry nowadays demand as of right. Certainly to-day " patriotism is not enough." It must be encouraged with a golden handclasp. I do not believe that the Tory Government can long afford to be

A GIFT WITH A CONTINUING REMINDER

You will appreciate how delightful a gift " The Sphere " will make for any occasion with its weekly reminder of the sender. Its weekly pictorial coverage of world news, and its first-class writers, will especially appeal to the busy man or woman of affairs.

You can take out a subscription for a friend by sending a cheque or money order to the Subscription Department (S)—" The Sphere," 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO " THE SPHERE " Published at 2/6 weekly

THESE TERMS ARE INCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE	12 months and Xmas No.	6 months and Xmas No.	6 months no extras
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Great Britain and Eire	7 12 0	3 18 6	3 14 0
Canada	7 0 6 (or $19.50)	3 12 6 (or $10.50)	3 8 0 (or $10.00)
U.S.A.	$22.50	$11.50	$11.00
Elsewhere abroad	7 14 6	3 19 6	3 15 0

Work is progressing on the Hammersmith flyover in London. The concrete ribs will support 24-ft.-wide dual carriageways. In the background is the Thames in spring flood

insensitive to public opinion in matters small or big, or to concede at the top what it condemns at the bottom. *Quis custodiet . . . ?*

"THE COMMONWEALTH PRESERVED." One can never foresee how the determination of a great issue, long pending, may react on some particular organ or section of the public. The natural way in which to forecast such reaction is to examine the spoken or written views on that issue in the past. But how *much* of the past; how far back is one entitled to go. I was certainly surprised by *The Times*' leading article under the above heading, commenting on South Africa's withdrawal of its request to remain in the Commonwealth. As things go, our hatred of apartheid is still a "new thing" in our history. The whole violence and complexity of the problems of Africa are "new things" which many ordinary, educated and intelligent men in Britain are still struggling to comprehend in their first beginnings. It was not so long ago in my lifetime that the "white man's burden" implied no *determinate* date for a multi-racial policy. The absence of South Africa from Commonwealth membership can fairly be called in one sense the beginning of a disintegration of the Commonwealth, since her past services to the Commonwealth have been signal. Moreover, I do not see how she will henceforth be in any stronger position to sue for re-entry than would, say, Switzerland! And there is something slightly nauseous in dismissing as "mistaken" the opinion which so many South Africans must hold to-day that the Commonwealth has shown them unfriendliness. Many of them may fairly ask: You may think it right to express your opinions but why do you kick *us* downstairs? I cannot believe that *The Times*' message of goodwill to the peoples of all colours in the Union will receive universal gratitude to-day, or that apartheid as a policy will be shaken. And it is not so certain that when Dr. Verwoerd's time is up, even if he be succeeded by a more liberal regime, the peoples of South Africa will humbly and swiftly sue again for inclusion in a Commonwealth which, however politely and however regretfully, has once blackballed her or forced her to resign. What has happened may be inevitable to-day at the Commonwealth round-table, but I doubt if it justifies the caption *The Commonwealth Preserved.* Cyprus has entered the fold with rejoicing on all sides. Truly human memory is short and expediency still has a part to play in politics, and sometimes it is still preferred to principles.

THE LORDS ON PRIVACY. "I wish Mr. Bally to live very private," said Lord Durrisdeer when the Master of Ballantrae returned again to plague him. The trouble is to determine what is "reasonable" privacy, when the gossips stir up the mud and the past of private citizens or public men. For my part, I agree with Lord Goddard that a judge (if not always a jury) can generally decide the issue of "reasonable" when it comes to court. Lord Arran's fear that Lord Mancroft's Bill might put paid to "journalism as it is known to-day" is no bogy to me. Modern journalism is not universally and wholly esteemed as a good thing. And by a large majority, against the advice of the Lord Chancellor, the House of Lords pushed the Bill one stage further, and probably to its last hopeful stage. I think Lord Freyberg's complaint would have influenced me. It is intolerable to be made the subject of a book without one's consent. And I am glad Lord Shackleton named broadcasting which, in a few candid features, is rapidly becoming as ruthless an invader of privacy as the most tasteless gossip-columnist and reporter. The fact that so many victims prefer even lurid limelight to none at all does not deny the truth that a minority of victims dislike it very much. I think that the remedies which the Bill offers to those who still ask for reasonable privacy should be available in the courts at least until national education has devoted some of the countless millions we pay for it, to restoring a sense of decency and proportion to a majority of our nation and to those who give it what it thinks (and what it *pays* them to think) the public wants.

SELBORNE IN THE NEWS. Lord Selborne's resignation from his Conservative Association, following the example of his cousin Lord Salisbury, concerns African policy and has no connection with events pending in Selborne village! It so happened that the two Selbornes were both in the news on the same day. Gilbert White's village is threatened, some of its inhabitants and White's fans consider, by a "monstrous piece of vandalism." The Alton R.D.C. plan to build a "disposal works" in the Lyth. A "disposal works" is one of those "Bowdlerised" expressions (like "soiled-linen tidy" for "dirty-clothes basket") in which our civilisation delights. But we know what it means. Many of the cottages in Selborne have no sanitation and the Lyth already deals with what they *have* got in a very amateur way. Another available site for the "works" would cost much more and would vandalise another ancient monument, the remains of a thirteenth-century Priory. Probably the cottagers who have no drains would not subscribe to the extra expense involved in vandalising the Priory in lieu of the Lyth. And I must say that Gilbert White's fans in Selborne and elsewhere are throwing stones while living in a glass-house when they cry out against vandalism. What about *the Wakes*? They swallowed a camel when they accepted the gift of an "Oates" museum in the lovely house where White lived, observed and wrote, with its new stained-glass heraldic windows and stuffed penguins, compared with which a sewage disposal unit in the Lyth is only a gnat. Selborne is famous for its pretty names, the Plaistor, the Wakes, the Lyth, the Hanger, and so on, and its thatch is lovely. But vandalism of White's village began long ago by local consent, and the present state of *the Wakes* put the lid on it several years ago. Well, they 've still got their "Plaistor" and a drainage plant won't spoil that. They let their pond and much of their thatch go some time ago and replaced with modern "vandalism" many of their charming houses. I think they should swallow their drains.

THE OLD STAGER

Watched by the townspeople, the Music Man, Harold Hill (Van Johnson), sells his wares in River City, Iowa

ENTERTAINMENT

THE MUSIC MAN

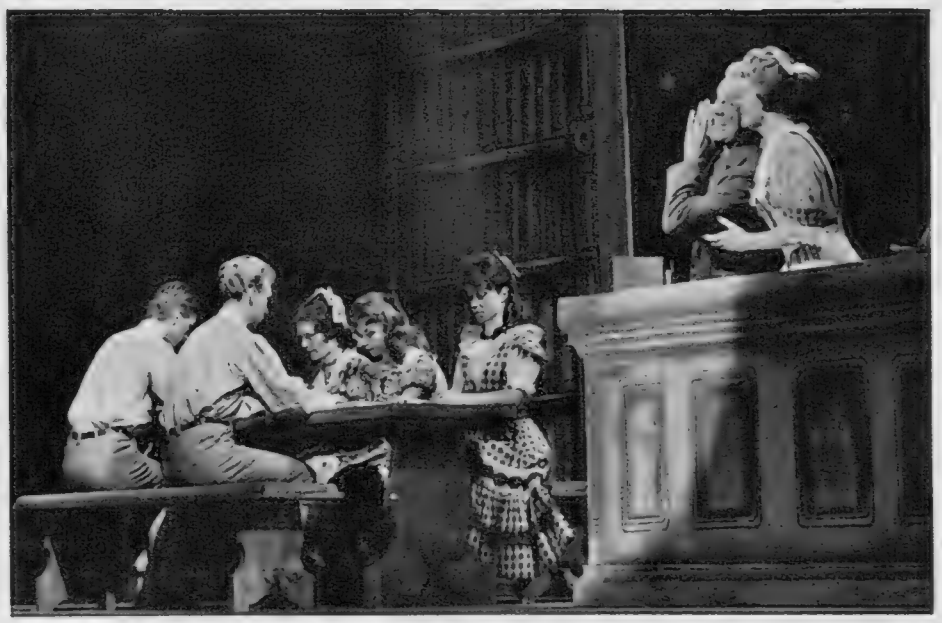
at the Adelphi Theatre

Folk myths and humour must have their folk heroes. In its engagingly rapid way, the American musical has been busily constructing such a folk myth out of the recent rural past of the Middle West, a past seen romantically and jubilantly, full of community spirit in a timeless early twentieth-century setting. The heroes in this wide landscape of waving corn are farmers and small town people. The latest is the Music Man, the travelling salesman. In this era of the television commercial, the salesman has quickly acquired a romantic aura for Americans: he has the virtues they boast about—ability to get on, brashness, quickness and the urge to travel. The success of Meredith Willson's musical, running on Broadway since 1957 and lately come to London, is founded on the marriage of these two myths. It is set in River City, Iowa, in July 1912: its plot is easily summarised. A travelling confidence trickster arrives to sell to the local inhabitants musical instruments and uniforms for a boys' band. His task is complicated because of his inability to read music and the initial antagonism of the town's librarian and music teacher. But his fast talking sees him through. The composer and librettist, Meredith Willson, was once a flautist with Sousa. His tunes have the exuberant vigour and brass blare of Sousa and the show depends for its success on gaiety and vigour, rather than wit or originality. It may be corn but it is sweet corn, beautifully presented.

In the centre of River City, the townspeople and Harold Hill (left) sing "Trouble." The musical is set in the year 1912

Led by Zaneeta (Doreen Cran) and Tommy (Ben Stevenson), the Kids dance the Shipoopi, one of the most energetic numbers

Winthrop (Denis Waterman) sings "Gary", "Indiana," watched by (left) Marian (Patricia Lambert) and Mrs. Paroo (Ruth Kettlewell)



Harold Hill (Van Johnson) sings of his admiration for Marian, the Librarian (Patricia Lambert), in the scene inside Madison Library

The triumphant finale in the River City High School assembly room—Harold Hill conducts the band. Centre is Mayor Shinn (C. Denier Warren)

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

THE CONFERENCE IN PERSPECTIVE

The Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference of March 1961 was historic in the proper sense of the word. So much happened that it is, perhaps, only now that we can begin to see its deliberations in perspective.

The question of South Africa dominated the proceedings. According to all those present, Dr. Verwoerd's decision to withdraw from the Commonwealth was deeply regretted by the other Prime Ministers. It will still be some weeks before we can see on what basis the Union will maintain relations with her previous partners in the Commonwealth family.

South Africa was only one of the matters which made history at the Conference. Two new members were admitted to full membership of the Commonwealth—Cyprus and Sierra Leone. Archbishop Makarios, the President of Cyprus, came to London to take part in the final stages of the Prime Ministers' talks. A seat is ready at the next Prime Ministers' conference for Sierra Leone after she becomes independent on April 27.

Overriding all other aspects of the Conference, including the South African question, was the fact that for the first time the Prime Ministers in their final communique issued a detailed statement on an international issue, as opposed to a purely Commonwealth one. The subject was disarmament. This statement reverses the convention reached in 1911 at the then Imperial Conference that a general policy on world affairs should not be attempted.

On disarmament, it was agreed that the aim of the Commonwealth must be to achieve " total world-wide disarmament, subject to effective inspection and control." The Prime Ministers decided that the armed forces and armaments of all nations must be reduced to the levels agreed to be necessary for internal security; that the process of nuclear and conventional disarmament should be phased, so that at every stage it could be verified that each party concerned was carrying out its undertakings; that the programme should be so arranged that at no stage could any one country or group of countries keep a military advantage; and that the requisite inspection machinery should be brought into operation at each phase.

Two of the most important disarmament proposals were:

1. An international police force should be created in association with the United Nations.

2. Nations outside the United Nations should be associated with any future disarmament talks. (The implication here is obviously China and most commentators believe that it means the Commonwealth will support China's admission to the United Nations.)

Looking to the nuclear test ban talks which were resumed in Geneva last week, the Conference reiterated the importance of need for disarmament and inspection being parallel processes. The Prime Ministers recognised that no safeguards can provide 100 per cent. protection against error or treachery. " Nevertheless the risks involved in the process of disarmament must be balanced against the risks involved in the continuance of the arms race."

Other points included in the Commonwealth Conference communique were:

Congo: The Prime Ministers deplored outside intervention and recognised that many of the problems which had arisen were due to such interventions. They considered the U.N. forces should be strengthened.

Laos: It was hoped that all the parties there would be able to reconcile their differences, that outside intervention would cease and that Laos would be enabled to enjoy an independent, neutral and peaceful existence.

The United Nations: Changes may have to be made in the structure of the U.N. organisation, but they can only be made with general consent. The Conference stressed the vital importance of upholding the principles of the U.N. Charter and of the need to preserve the international and independent character of the Secretariat.

To sum up: the Commonwealth in 1961 showed that it was carrying on with its tradition of adapting itself to meet the needs of the times. Far from disintegrating, as its opponents may have hoped, it was going from strength to strength.

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere ".

CANADA

The Canadian Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Hamilton, announced recently that after several weeks of negotiation with a two-man trade delegation from Pekin, Canada has sold 40,000,000 bushels of grain to Communist China, one of the largest single commercial sales ever made by Canada. The value of this deal is 60,000,000 dollars (approximately £21,500,000). It will consist of 28,000,000 bushels of wheat and 12,000,000 bushels of barley.

The shipments of wheat and barley to China under the present deal will jam grain facilities on Canada's Pacific coast until August, and will require 100 ships to transport the grain across the Pacific. The grain will be shipped from the ports of Vancouver, New Westminster, Victoria and Prince Rupert.

Mr. Hamilton said that both the United States and Australia had been informed of the negotiations with Pekin but Canada was selling the quality and grades of wheat which her competitors were unable to offer.

Canada is also about to close a deal to sell wheat to Czechoslovakia, the Minister of Agriculture added. It is expected that rather more than 7,000,000 bushels of wheat will be sold to Poland and Czechoslovakia. " We 're looking literally every place for wheat sales," Mr. Hamilton said. " To date, the Government's policy of accelerated wheat sales has resulted in Canada's share of the commercial wheat markets of the world increasing from 30 per cent. to 35 per cent."

In spite of the large deal with China, it is expected that Great Britain, long Canada's main customer for wheat, will be Canada's best customer again this year, taking about 100,000,000 bushels. Japan is expected to be the next best customer with a purchase of 47,000,000 bushels.

Mr. Nehru presents prizes in Edinburgh to the Scottish winners in a children's art and literature competition. The Indian Prime Minister visited Scotland at the end of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference

A reading is taken from a tellurometer on Coronation Pier, in Tauranga, New Zealand. The electronic instrument was being used in a survey of the harbour. It is hoped to dredge a deeper channel to enable large ships to enter Tauranga. At present, 20,000-tonners can just scrape into the North Island port

WEALTH

A common policy on disarmament; Canadian grain for China; Western Australia's iron ore export plans; the Malayan Region's first Rhodes Scholar at Oxford

The Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Menzies and Lord Slim at the Australia Day dinner in London. The Duke and Field-Marshal Slim are former Governors-General of Australia

AUSTRALIA

Western Australia seems likely to be the first state to take advantage of the Federal Government's decision last December to relax the ban on the export of iron ore from Australia. The Western Australian Government has just approved a plan for exporting large quantities of iron ore to Japan from deposits at Mount Goldsworthy and Tallering Peak. Mount Goldsworthy is about sixty miles north of Port Hedland, on the north-west coast. The deposit has recently been drilled and investigated by the Western Australian Department of Mines and is known to be comparatively large, of good grade, and reasonably accessible to an ocean shipping point. Tallering Peak is farther south, inland from the port of Geraldton.

The first shipments of ore to Japan are expected within two years. The Western Australian Minister for Mines, Mr. A. F. Griffith, who last month returned from discussions in Japan, said that Japanese steel mills were prepared to buy 1,000,000 tons of ore annually for fifteen years from the Mount Goldsworthy deposit. He said that it was likely to be two years before shipments from this deposit could be made, but exports from Tallering Peak would begin much sooner.

The Federal Government's decision to relax the ban on the export of iron ore, which had existed since 1939, was taken after a survey had indicated that the country's reserves were more extensive than originally thought. The exports, however, will be permitted only on a carefully controlled and limited basis. The Federal Minister for National Development, Senator W. H. Spooner, said recently that it was too early yet to gauge how quickly the export trade would develop. " Before iron ore can be shipped from Australia there is a considerable amount of negotiation to be carried out on contracts for sale, in addition to investigation of deposits to prove tonnage and grade of ore and to assess the economic potential of the deposit for export."

He went on to say that no exports would be allowed from the major deposits suitable for use by the local steel industry. These deposits comprise the greater part of the country's demonstrated (intensively tested) reserves of about 368,300,000 tons. Of these, 308,200,000 tons are high-grade ore containing more than 60 per cent. iron. The Federal Government, however, has high hopes for iron ore from the lesser deposits as an export income earner. It also believes that the relaxation of the export ban will provide an incentive for more intensive mineral exploration and lead to the proving of new iron ore reserves.

M. André Simon, President of the Wine and Food Society, samples Nigerian food offered him by Miss O. A. Edu at the National Delicatessen Exhibition in London. M. Simon was making a tour of the stands in the Exhibition after declaring it open

Tunku Abdul Rahman (right), the Malayan Prime Minister, and Tunku Ya'acob, Malayan High Commissioner in London, listen to an explanation of a technical point by Dr. L. Bateman, who is Director of the Natural Rubber Producers' Research Association, during a visit to the Association's laboratories in Welwyn Garden City

MALAYA

Mr. Tan Eng Liang, of Singapore, has been selected as Rhodes Scholar for the Malayan Region in 1961. He will go into residence at Oxford University in October next. Mr. Tan, who is a B.Sc. (University of Malaya) represented Singapore at water polo in the Olympic Games at Melbourne in 1956. He is the first Rhodes Scholar to be selected from the Malayan Region, which has been allotted one scholarship every three years.

Rhodes Scholars benefit under the will of Cecil John Rhodes, the controversial " Empire Builder," who died in 1902. He left the bulk of his considerable fortune in a trust for the purpose of providing scholarships to Oxford for students from every part of what was then the British Empire (now the Commonwealth) and from the United States of America. The will also provided for scholars from Germany. These were admitted before the First World War and from 1929 to 1939. There are no German scholars to-day.

Qualifications for Rhodes Scholarships depend upon: literary and scholastic attainments; achievement in manly outdoor sports; moral qualities; and character shown in schooldays.

Oxford approach Barnes Bridge during an outing on the Tideway in the last stage of their training. The Dark Blues are: R. C. I. Bate (Tonbridge and St. Edmund Hall), bow; C. P. M. Gomm (Cheltenham and Balliol); J. O. B. Sewall (Harvard, West Point and Brasenose); I. L. Elliott (Canford and Keble); J. C. D. Sherratt (St. Edward's and St. Edmund Hall); G. V. Cooper (Eton and Keble); J. R. Chester (Monkton Combe and Keble); C. M. Davis (Eton and Lincoln), stroke; P. J. Reynolds (Uppingham and St. Edmund Hall), cox

The Cambridge crew are: R. G. Nicholson (Shrewsbury and St. Catherine's), bow; J. E. Gobbett (St. Paul's and St. Catherine's); R. J. Fraser (Radley and Jesus); A. J. Collier (University College School and Lady Margaret); D. W. G. Calder (St. Paul's and St. Catherine's); J. Beveridge (St. Paul's and Jesus); M. W. Christian (Harvard and First and Third Trinity); M. Hoffman (Harvard and First and Third Trinity), stroke; R. T. Weston (Dulwich and Selwyn), cox; Beveridge, the President, and Weston are Old Blues

THE BOAT RACE

The 106th Boat Race is being rowed at 2.10 p.m. on Saturday, April 1, over the course from Putney to Mortlake. The question agitating the public is whether Oxford will win for the third year in succession. In the series since 1913, Oxford have never had more than two successive victories. In their attempt to improve on this, the Dark Blues are using oars with spade-shaped blades, of a slightly different design to those they had last year.

When the crews arrived on the Tideway three weeks ago for the final stages of their training, Oxford were firm favourites. Five members of the eight are Old Blues and were in Britain's Olympic Games crew last year. Their coach, Group-Captain H. R. A. "Jumbo" Edwards, himself an Olympic Gold Medal-list, is responsible for the renaissance of Oxford rowing in recent years. However, very soon Cambridge, the challengers in 1961, showed they were not going to be overawed by these facts.

Under their coach—Mr. D. H. Mays-Smith, another eminent oarsman of earlier days—they seemed to be making big advances, except perhaps when rowing in rough water. Indeed, it is probable that the weather conditions on the day will decide the result of the Boat Race for 1961. Weather, with the luck of the toss, has often been the deciding factor in the past.

Members of the Oxford crew limber up before an outing from Putney

From the courtyard of the Palazzo Reale can be seen one of Milan's new skyscrapers—the Torre Velasca

The new tower block on the Via Principe Amadeo

MILAN GROWS

A visitor to Milan arrives by train in Milan Central Station built in what can best be described as Fascist Baroque. On leaving the station by a grandiloquent flight of steps, he is almost immediately confronted with the visible signs of Milan's rapidly-increasing prosperity. Rising high over the traffic-filled streets are the strikingly angular Pirelli Building and the glass-walled Sarom Building. They are only two of the new tower blocks which are being constructed in a remarkably short time throughout the city. From these buildings, some of them over twenty storeys high, wealthy industrialists in their penthouses and poorer typists in their offices can look out over the city across the Lombardy Plain to the Alps. Milan's population is increasing rapidly—many of the new residents are refugees from the poverty-stricken areas of Southern Italy. To house them new blocks of flats are being built on the city's outskirts. The new architecture forms a striking contrast to Milan's heritage of palaces and churches.

The view over Milan and the Lombardy Plain towards the mountains. Left is the Sarom Building; (centre) the Pirelli Building, and (right) Milan Central Railway Station

The fence runs beside the bisse or waterway high up in the mountains

This bisse carries water from the Alps to the vineyards of Valais

ALPINE WATERWAYS

By **JOHN STEEL**

Every night in spring and summertime as the Milan Express emerges from the Loetschberg tunnel and enters the Rhone Valley, its passengers, whether they have done the journey many times before or not, always marvel at the magnificent view that gradually unfolds as the train slowly descends to Brigue. Sometimes they are bound to notice a Swiss peasant perched precariously on the sheer wall of a mountainside, working away at a small wooden trough of water known as a bisse which is held up against the mountain in a seemingly miraculous fashion. This peasant plays a vital part in the welfare of the communities of the Alpine regions of Switzerland.

From Martigny, in the Rhone Valley, up to Brigue, the Valais, as this mountainous canton of Switzerland is called, looks much like the arid sierras of Spain. On an average, a rainfall of from 20 to 23 ins. a year is normal in the steppe districts of the world such as the Sudan. Yet Sierre, one of the towns in the Rhone Valley, seldom has a rainfall exceeding 12 to 15 ins. in any one year. Many of the neighbouring small towns and villages have little more and 20 to 21 ins. a year is the best they can expect. All the fruits in this district are southern: they include grapes, peaches, figs, pomegranates, saffron and, of course, the main source of income to the fruit farmers, apricots.

Such rain as does fall is virtually useless for purposes of irrigation as it flows away in little rivulets or is quickly absorbed by the parched soil. Little wonder is it then that the Valaisians have sought from time immemorial to direct their glacier streams and mountain torrents into artificial troughs leading to their fields and their vineyards.

These troughs in their simplest form are merely bisected tree trunks hollowed out, then fixed end on to one another against the face of precipices. They are secured by wooden or iron pegs driven horizontally into the rock and through them courses the life-giving water. Most of these structures are of great antiquity. Altogether the bisses have a total mileage in the Valais of nearly 12,000 miles. Some of them attain a considerable length. For instance, the Bisse de Saxon is 17½ miles long.

Maintaining these bisses calls for outstanding skill as well as a cool head on the part of their guardians. Anyone who does not like heights need never apply for the job because it has been estimated that more peasants have been killed in the building of new bisses and the maintenance of existing ones than by avalanches, falling rocks or any other form of peril in mountainous regions. The cost of keeping them in good order amounts to approximately £500,000 every year.

Frequently the water that is so badly needed by one community has to be brought through other villages before it reaches the point where it is urgently required. In such cases, treaties are arranged in an amicable manner between the villages concerned, all of whom contract to pay a percentage towards the upkeep of the bisses. Each village has the right to the use of the water for so many hours a day.

When a bisse ceases to flow because of a leak due to falling rocks, avalanches or some other cause, an ingenious but simple form of alarm, which has been specially devised for the purpose, comes into action. Placed at strategic points along the bisse are wooden clappers attached to a rough mill wheel. These beat vigorously so long as the water is flowing but cease instantly should the flow be interrupted or lose strength. So well-trained are the men who maintain the bisses that they take little time in locating the affected area and making good the damage.

Naturally, as in all other things, the eventual modernisation of the bisses is inevitable and already some of them have been replaced by pipes, which are far less picturesque but infinitely more practical.

In time, no doubt, nearly all the old bisses will disappear. Without them much of the Valais would have been a wilderness and instead of prosperity there would have been a sad poverty in this lovely and still unspoilt valley.

An alarm signal consists of wooden clappers on a rough mill wheel

The sun shines ... Bis...
Right: The ... lad...

A train crosses a viaduct in the Bietsch valley in Switzerland. The white line running from the left of the viaduct is a bisse

sse of Grachen. **Left:** A guardian of the bisses sets out for home at the end of the day
uct carries a bisse over a valley. These structures are liable to damage from avalanches

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO IMBER?

Imber on the Down,
Four miles from any town.

The character of a village, and also the character of the villagers, is largely determined by the greater or lesser degree of isolation. The villagers of Imber prided themselves on the truth of that couplet. In fact, " four miles from any town," though I should have thought that an underestimate, is nothing to boast about in terms of distance. A friend of mine lives in the village of South Barrow, ten miles from a town and seven from the nearest chemist's shop. But South Barrow is in civilised Somerset: Imber in Wiltshire. Therein lies the difference, a difference which makes nonsense of distance. Imber, set in a little hollow, is high on Salisbury Plain, and that vast, empty expanse makes isolation the more pronounced.

The late H. J. Massingham, writing in the '20's, thought Imber " one of the loveliest and loneliest places in the world." Lonely, certainly. Before the war there was only one road to it, though there were a number of green tracks, and that road but little used, for Imber was never more than a small hamlet. Travelling that road, you were always surprised to find Imber, floating (I quote Massingham again) " like a lightship " in the midst of billowing emptiness.

Lovely? Yes, I suppose so. Not intrinsically—some thatched cob walls and lichened roofs, a pleasant manor house and a small church with a good deal of character; no more than that, nothing that could not be out-matched in a dozen Wiltshire villages. But Imber seemed to capture beauty from all around, from the wide cloud-flecked skies, the larks and the sheep, so that you went away thinking " how lovely."

There is a large stone at Imber marking the spot where a local farmer, Mr. Dean, was robbed by four highwaymen in 1839. There is still a Mr. Dean of Imber and he is a farmer. But he does not farm at Imber. The land is War Department property and Imber is a ruin. The War Department bought the land long ago, but it was farmed and the village inhabited until early in the war. Then it was evacuated, all access was barred, except for burials and an annual service in the church, and the place became a battle-training ground. Nobody would pretend that that was unnecessary.

But a promise was made that Imber would be handed back to the villagers after the war. Needless to say that promise was not kept. Under the Defence Regulations access continued to be denied and it was bruited that the whole area was dangerous with live ammunition; and, indeed, large notices to this effect were set up around the perimeter. However, it soon became known that the military hunted over the area and that there were organised shoots with beaters. Obviously, the area was not dangerous and, not unnaturally, the local people became incensed at being denied access.

The Defence Regulations ended last year, and on January 22 a protest meeting was held in Imber. The military did not interfere. There was another public invasion on February 25 and again the military did not interfere. Despite Mr. Profumo's definite statement in the House of Commons that the whole area is essential for training purposes and that there is no alternative to it, we are assured by the organisers that there will be more invasions. But, presumably, an Order will now be made permanently closing the rights-of-way. What happens then?

The protest meeting held in Imber, Wiltshire, at the beginning of this year

The organisers of these invasions want access to the rights-of-way, the land restored to agriculture, and Imber re-established as an inhabited place, a civil and ecclesiastical parish. The last of these aims is merely baying the moon. It must be obvious to anyone with any knowledge of rural economics that Imber cannot be restored to its former status. There cannot be many (there were never very many) of the inhabitants living. Those young enough to work will have jobs elsewhere, and will be disinclined to give them up. In any case, with modern mechanised methods of farming, there can never be sufficient work in the neighbourhood to support a new village. And this is most certainly not a " retirement " area.

But the other two points have some substance. If the area can be hunted, there seems to be no reason why some at least of it should not be farmed: if beaters can walk over it, there would seem to be no reason why the public should not, at least on the rights-of-way and under the " red flag safeguard " which operates in so many other military areas. If the area is to be closed, then it must be used as a training-ground and not as a playground for a number of Army officers.

Should it be closed? Mr. Austin Underwood, a schoolmaster and the driving-force behind the campaign, thinks not. Personally, I would prefer to trust the Secretary for War. I suspect that he knows more about it. Here, I think, we come to the crux of the matter. The more one thinks about them, the more extraordinary do these public invasions appear. Something like 2,000 people attended that first meeting: many times the population of Imber at any time in its history. Few of them can have had any direct connection with Imber, fewer still can have been Imber folk. Many came from long distances and many had certainly never seen Imber before. People, you would think, must feel very strongly about Imber and the opening of those rights-of-way. Undoubtedly most (but by no means all) the locals do. But would there have been so many people there if this was not also a demonstration against war and preparedness for war? For that, surely, is what it is for those who know not Imber; for the vast majority.

Myself, I am all in favour of opening the rights-of-way and keeping them open, and for restoring the land, so far as possible, to agriculture. Not just here, though I did, by the way, know Imber in pre-war days, but everywhere possible. I am wholeheartedly in favour of public access. But this Imber agitation does make me begin to wonder if we are not, as a nation, quite crazy. Imber has been closed for twenty years or thereabouts. Only the aged and those now middle-aged can have walked these tracks, and the latter only as children. It would be good to have them opened for a new generation, but the fact remains that they have been closed for twenty years. What you have never had you do not really miss.

I confess that it seems odd to me that we should be so mightily stirred by a loss most of us have never felt, the while we watch unmoved land now open to the public being closed by this or that vested interest. Would it not be better to concentrate on saving such areas? We have National Parks which are in danger of being eaten away piecemeal so far as public access is concerned. Consider what is happening on Dartmoor: the latest proposal is to open a commercial airfield in that National Park! All over the country land is being closed to the public, each year a little more. But there is no public protest. You can do almost anything in modern Britain in the sacred names of commerce and science. Only when the Defence Departments are involved do you find vigorous organised protest on the Imber model. I find it strange and just a little disturbing.

TWINS IN ZOOS

Female Polar bear cubs, Aurora and Polaris, the first twin Polar bears born in this country, play with their mother, Sonja, at Whipsnade Zoo. **Right, below:** While their mother dozes, Aurora and Polaris feed. Last week the twin cubs, three months old, were transferred to the Polar bear pit at Whipsnade

Left: The three-month-old twin Syrian bear cubs, Mandy and Davy, pose for the camera in London Zoo, where they were born. **Below:** Davy guards a loaf of bread and appears to be daring his sister, Mandy, to take it. Syrian bears inhabit mountainous parts of the Middle East

TRAVEL

ESCAPING THE HOLIDAY CROWDS

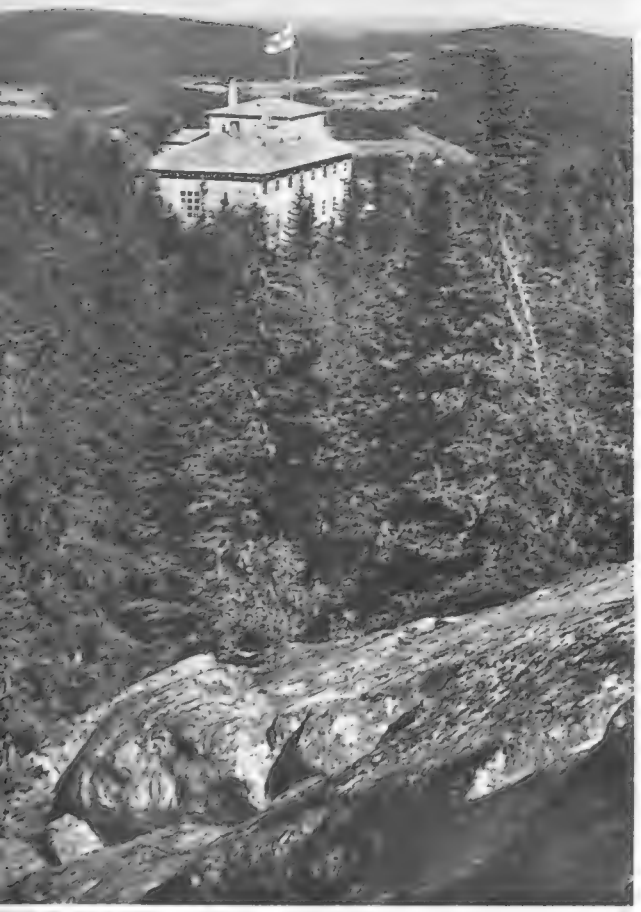
By **GORDON COOPER**

" How I would like to get away from it all," one hears people say, and then finds on inquiry that they do not mean it to be taken too literally. " Away from it all " does not mean, for example, away from comfortable beds and good food and the opportunity of a cheering bottle of wine. It only means away from holiday crowds, routine of life, and the usual complaints and grumbles. There are many parts of Europe that answer to the restricted desire to be alone with nature. For reasons of space, I cannot go into details, but I propose to offer a number of personal suggestions. I will stick generally to one recommendation for each country, except for those with a coastline when I will mention a place by the sea as well as one inland, the latter often in a mountain district, possibly beside a lake.

The Parador of Gredos in the mountains west of Madrid

France.—At 'Aber-Wrac'h, a small fishing port on the wild coast of Finistère, there is the pleasant Baie des Anges (one-star Michelin). Inland I suggest Sanxais (twenty miles south-west of Poitiers) where you could lodge excellently and inexpensively in the medieval Auberge de l'Ecu de France. In the surrounding countryside of Poitou there is a wealth of Romanesque churches. A second choice in France would be Mende, a medieval and charming little market town, a good base from which to explore the " away from it all " Causses, also the Gorges of the Tarn. The Hotel Paris is recommended.

Spain. There are some pleasant isolated spots on the northern coast of Spain, but the weather tends to be uncertain. I prefer, therefore, to suggest Castell de Ferro, a little village fourteen miles east of Motril, on the Andalusian coast. There is the pleasant second-class hotel, the Meson Castell, close to the beach and with its own swimming-pool. Undiscovered so far by British travel agents, it is, however, favoured by German visitors. Inland, there are the two State-run " refugios ": one in the National Park of Ordesa, set in the heart of the matchless Pyrenean scenery, the other in the Picos de Europa (Santander), while more easy of access is the Parador of Gredos (reached from Madrid or Avila).



The hotel at Koli in Northern Karelia, Finland

Portugal. Here also I favour a couple of State-run *pousadas*: the rock-bound Sao Joao Baptista on the tiny island of Berlanga (reached by regular motor-boat service from Peniche), and the Castelo, an old castle, in the little medieval town of Obidos (about sixty miles from Lisbon).

Switzerland. Tucked away in a splendid region of mountains and glaciers is the Maderanertal, one of the most beautiful Alpine valleys, where there is the Kurhaushotel, reached by bridle path, although jeep transport can be provided; otherwise you travel on foot or by mule. It provides numerous opportunities for pleasant excursions and for breathing the finest air. If you want a slightly more convenient spot, try Melchsee-Frutt, also in Central Switzerland.

Italy. Of the scores of places I could name in this sun-drenched and most delightful land, I make a first choice of Santa Teresa Gallura (beside the sea) on the island of Sardinia, with its pleasant hotel Miramare. Inland there is Montepulciano (not far from Siena), with a superb panoramic view from its lofty height. Alas, the Marzocco inn is not so charming as it was when Symonds made it famous. An alternative selection could be historic Urbino, where the Hotel Italia is quite charming and provides good food.

Austria. I want to go back one day to the comfortable Hotel Gesause at Gstatterboden which lies in the heart of the Gesause Valley (Styria). The country in this valley is wild and desolate, and the nearby river provides most excellent trout.

Germany. There is no better walking country in Europe than the Black Forest, and a most attractive small centre is Dobel, a small village in fairly open country, with magnificent views. Here is the Hotel Funk, as pleasant a holiday home as any in all Germany. I must also give a special recommendation to the Schlosshotel in Falkenfels, a hamlet in the Bayrischer Wald, where you can lodge in a medieval castle and enjoy champagne air. (Good air, to me, is an important factor in a rewarding holiday.)

Holland. Beside the sea, my choice is Veere, a kind of embalmed town of medieval times. Here in De Campveerse Toren you can lodge in a great tower at the harbour mouth, with a magnificent outlook. Inland, I can think of no more " escapist " spot than Ter Apel (Groningen), where the Boschhuis is just the kind of place I would recommend for a really restful holiday.

Belgium. Along the forty-mile sea coast it is a case of one popular resort after another, and the only place which offers a modicum of peace is Le Coq-sur-Mer, which still remains unsophisticated and quite oblivious of its great neighbours, Ostend and Blankenberghe. In the Ardennes, where there are many picturesque villages, Martelange is one of the beauty spots to which I am attracted. Local inn accommodation is available.

Denmark. Recommended is the island of Bornholm, an idyllic spot for a holiday, and at Gudhjem there is the comfortable Jantzens Hotel, with opportunities to eat the renowned " Bornholmers " (smoked herrings) and to walk along the enchanting Sanctuary Cliffs, which in early summer are brilliant with myriads of blossoms and flowers.

The Byzantine monastery at Sopacani in Yugoslavia. Nearby is a small inn

Norway. Off the beaten track is Gratangen (reached from Narvik), where there is a comfortable hotel, no lack of walking excursions, and a most restful atmosphere. I like, too, Lillesand in the Telemark, which looks like a film set and is surrounded by a maze of channels and small islands, ideal for boating.

Finland. Here one has a glut of escapist places. But my first choice would be Koli in North Karelia, with a good tourist inn and Finnish forest and lake scenery in all its unspoilt grandeur.

Yugoslavia. The Ribarska Koliba is a modest inn not far from Pula where it would be pleasant to spend a quiet holiday beside the sea; but for greater comfort there is the Milocer Hotel, formerly a residence of the Royal Family, which lies on a glorious beach between Budvah and Bar, on the Dalmatian coast. Inland is the small, extremely hospitable, inn at Sopocani, adjoining a superb Byzantine monastery. Access is from Novi Pazar.

Greece. Where better than Heraklion on the island of Crete, with grand opportunities to explore the Minoan ruins ?

United Kingdom. I must not ignore my own country, so here I suggest the Lord Crewe Arms at Blanchland in Northumberland; the Sligachan Hotel in my beloved Isle of Skye. A countryside spot near London is Long Melford, in Suflolk, where the Bull Hotel recently received my " Oscar " award.

HOLIDAY REPORT ON GREECE

A recent visit to Greece confirms an impression that as a holiday country it is much more western than Spain. English is spoken at all levels, from the waiter at the little fish restaurant at Tourcolimono to the lift-boy at the *de luxe* Athene Palace in Athens. The food, contrary to reports, was quite good, especially the fish. A new first-class restaurant opened at the seaside resort of Vouliagmeni, overlooking the white sandy bay, is excellent. The service and cooking are equal to the best on any Mediterranean shore. Prices were surprisingly modest. The dearest dish cost about 10s. and a meal rarely exceeded 15s. In smaller and more modest restaurants you can eat, and drink wine, for about 5s.

Retsina wine, about which much nonsense has been written, is quite palatable, and after a glass the faint background of friar's balsam almost disappears. Such wine is bought at tavernas, the wineshops where it is sold, on draught. Ordinary bottled wine is undistinguished but drinkable. Except for mavrodaphne, which is sickly and heady, it is light and smooth. Those from Crete are probably the best. The traditional opening of a meal with a glass of ouzo, a very dry absinthe-type aperitif, and *mese*, little dishes of savoury titbits, from ink-fish to taramoussalata, a fish *pâté* made from ground red caviare, is a delightful custom which enables the taverna-keeper to prepare the main dish in comfort. The fruit which terminates either lunch or dinner is especially delicious. The apples weighing half a pound each and rosy-red, called *bananes*, should be imported into this country. They would make our best Cox's Orange Pippins pale into insignificance. At 1s. 3d. a pound they are very cheap. The oranges, too, are luscious, as large as Jaffas, and just as sweet and seedless.

The best hotels in Greece are cheap, the ordinary hotels are dear. Much more accommodation at £2 a day is needed. However, the Greek National Tourist Organisation has a vast hotel-planning programme in hand and now they have finished their programme for first-class hotels they propose concentrating on the construction of second-class hotels. The Greeks are beginning to realise that the attractions of their country are not confined to classical remains and associations, and they have become aware of the lure of their beaches which are comparable with those of the Costa Brava or the French Riviera. All the way down to Cape Sounion from Athens there is a succession of sandy beaches which are fast being developed. Astir beach at Glyfada has become quite well known, but the bungalows there are still too expensive. It would be better to stay farther down the peninsula, at Vouliagmeni, which is even more pleasant than the beach at Cape Sounion in the shadow of the Temple of Poseidon. You might be at S'Agaro or Tamariu in Spain, yet you are only half an hour or so from Athens.

The Comet service of B.E.A. and Olympic Airways has brought Greece as near to London as the French Riviera was ten years ago. The fact that Greece enjoyed 321 days of sunshine last year helps to compensate for the difference in the fare.

W. D. C. C.

BOOKS

BACK TO BRITAIN

Tom Harrisson's view of the affluent society; a variety of life-stories and this week's fiction

Fresh from the cannibals of the West Pacific, where for some years he has been applying the scientific methods of Mass Observation to some of the most primitive peoples on earth, Mr. Tom Harrisson returns to his native land to look at his own people with that much of a fresher eye. BRITAIN REVISITED (Gollancz. 25s.) investigates the lately developed affluent society through the same localities, i.e., Worktown, as he did in this depressed cotton mill place in the hungry '30's. Many of his original team have assisted him, including Woodrow Wyatt, who, some twenty years ago, was his secretary. In this book Mr. Harrisson also moves into that phenomenon known as Blackpool and, being Blackpool, the results can hardly fail to be entertaining. The most profound of his findings is what he calls "the astonishing areas of unchange." Despite war, electronics, TV, "pop" and the omnipresent affluence he confesses himself to be spellbound. Mr. Harrisson's careful and scientific analyses undoubtedly changed a lot of political thinking in the '30's. It remains to be seen what effect his latest survey has.

THE DRUMS OF MORNING (Putnam. 21s.) is a further volume of autobiography by Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke, taking the story of his boyhood from the years 1917 to 1921, or from the time the author was fourteen and left a highly unsatisfactory boarding school for Wellington College, to his emergence, at seventeen, as an embryo poet and writer, crushed but obedient to the dictates of that most kindly of men, the late Sir John Squire. In all this time the author's relations with his family, and particularly with his father, continued to be on the closest and loving, if mutually baffled, terms, and there were, too, the statutory changes from house to house which seemed to have occurred about every three years or whenever his father had done all he could for the current garden and wished to find, almost literally, fresh fields. This is the twelfth autobiographical book that Mr. Croft-Cooke has written, and the wonder is that they do not begin to pall. They don't, though, and I am looking forward to the next.

M. Marcel Migeo was the friend and flying comrade, as he puts it, of that almost legendary figure, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, and his biography of the man who flew both fearlessly and imaginatively and wrote exquisitely is a very real tribute. It is not, however, in the form of a slender memoir but a full-dress "life," well documented and meticulously detailed; and written evidently with the object of showing "Saint-Ex" in the human proportions which critics and admirers have almost obscured by their works since his death. Saint-Exupéry, whose own book, *Wind, Sand and Stars*, remains a small classic, as does his *Night Flight*, was well but not richly born and, after half-hearted attempts to become a sailor and an architect, found one of his true loves when he learned to fly during his military service immediately after the First World War. The literary life, which was his other abiding passion, was a constant part of his existence. SAINT-EXUPÉRY (Macdonald. 30s.) is a study of this volatile yet impressive figure of the Puckish face and the profound thoughts. It gives some of the characteristic savour of his talk and his actions. It also sends us straight back to re-read the books.

PETER USTINOV is photographed on his return to England having completed the filming of his play, *Romanoff and Juliet*. His first novel, *The Loser*, was published earlier this month. In April he is due to direct in Britain a film of *Billy Budd* from his own script

Just two springtimes ago Miss Margaret Lane, her husband and a young relation set out on an African treasure hunt with the object of locating and, at the very least, having a good look at a store of uncut diamonds said to have been cached away after the death of an African chief some seventy years ago. The story of the burial and a rough map had been given to the writer's husband in the '20's when he was living on a remote Pacific island. The whole set-up was, in fact, undeniably romantic and adventurous, though it was some months before they both decided to undertake a search for the treasure themselves. A CALABASH OF DIAMONDS (Heinemann. 25s.) is Miss Lane's story of their expedition and its outcome. It reads as persuasively and excitingly as, and far more wittily than, the majority of most thrillers.

SATURDAY WITH BRICKS (Hutchinson. 18s.) is Mr. Dennis Wheatley's own story of his career as a self-taught bricklayer and wall builder, and great fun it is with its lively autobiographical asides, its sensible diagrams and its full-page photographs of especially triumphant achievements. Mr. Wheatley laid his first brick just behind the Western Front in 1917. It would be interesting to know when Sir Winston laid his first !

To a remoter past with the next two books, of which THE CHINA BIRD (Chatto and Windus. 42s.) is in every sense the more impressive. Mr. David R. MacGregor has told the story of the China clippers and that famous "China bird" who captained the English clipper, *Challenger*, in the annual races of the tea ships from China ports to England,

---

MISSIONARY IN MELANESIA

Ida Wench's life among the Pacific Islanders

A thousand miles and more off the north-east coast of Australia are the islands of Melanesia, the Solomons, the Santa Cruz Islands, and the New Hebrides. They are a long way from Leamington Spa, both in fact and in spirit; but to Ida Wench, brought up in a Victorian household where the work of the Melanesian Mission and Bishop Selwyn was known, admired and talked about, it all seemed very close. From the age of fifteen this English girl, with no special qualifications but a lot of common sense and determination, decided to make this Pacific missionary field her life work. MISSION TO MELANESIA (Elek Books. 18s.) is the lively story of this venture which, starting in 1909, took more than three decades. It is full of wit and wisdom from the opening chapter ("Bishop takes pawn") to the closing pages, where Miss Wench tells us of the heroism and loyalty of the Solomon Islanders in the Second World War. The author is clear-cut and frank in all she writes, and notably plain-spoken about social habits and customs; the only reticence is in regard to her good self.

Just as Ida Wench identified herself with the Melanesian islands Elizabeth Gray Vining has come to know modern Japan where, after the last war, she was tutor to the Crown Prince. Since then she has twice gone back to the scene of her work, to meet the Royal Family, to renew acquaintanceships and to tour the islands. RETURN TO JAPAN (Michael Joseph. 21s.) inevitably brings out the contrasts between old and new, East and West, which are such a bewildering but commonplace feature of this land with its 6,000,000 television sets, its modern washing machines and highly-geared industrialisation, its Shinto priests and kimono-clad children. Miss Vining's account of the Crown Prince's wedding, which she attended in 1959, conjures up the atmosphere of the old Imperial Court in a most charming way. Needless to say, the wedding was televised on Japan's national network.

Sven Gillsäter, a distinguished Scandinavian photographer, has clearly found much inspiration among the islands of Indonesia. In WE ENDED IN BALI (Allen and Unwin. 30s.) the author concentrates in particular on the wild life of the islands, presenting some superb colour pictures of the varans, the giant lizards of Komodo, which were held to be a myth until fifty years ago; of the Timor deer in their Garden of Eden; and of many weird and exotic plants of the jungle.

Cedric Salter, who has lived for several years in Turkey in the course of his journalistic career, asserts that this is now a country for tourists as well as travellers, reminding us that Istanbul itself is an easy day's flight from London. INTRODUCING TURKEY (Methuen. 21s.) reflects in words and pictures the many and varied opportunities awaiting the traveller, notably in the ancient Greek cities of Anatolia and the lonely lands to the east around Mount Ararat.

How many folk in their fast cars who dash down the centre of France to the Mediterranean and the Spanish border miss the enchantments on the way? They must be legion. In THE ROAD TO BARCELONA (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.), Stanley Baron takes us along some of the attractive alternative routes between the Channel ports and the deep south, often lingering by the way, as at Chartres, Moulins, Bourges, Narbonne and Perpignan, to beguile us with stories from the past. Before entering Barcelona Mr. Baron devotes a chapter to the pleasures of the Costa Brava.

For the traveller in Britain, Raymond Postgate's THE GOOD FOOD GUIDE 1961-62 (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) remains a reliable and up-to-date work of reference. No fewer than 750 places are assessed, and not all the judgments are wholly flattering. This is a guide that inspires trust. FRANCE 1961 (Hachette. 9s. 6d.) is the latest edition of the famous *Guide de Poche*. Each town and its attractions with names and classes of hotel and restaurant, are comprehensively dealt with. **R. C. E.**

and who was one of the founders of a distinguished shipping line which is about to celebrate its centenary. Not all the technical details will be of general interest, but the accounts of the sailing and the races are really gripping.

BELLA OF BLACKFRIARS (Odhams. 21s.), by Mr. Leslie Bell, celebrates another anniversary, the eighty-second birthday of Mrs. Bella Burge who, with her ex-champion husband, started The Ring at Blackfriars and has all her life been a solitary woman in an exclusively masculine world of boxing. Lively stuff and full of good fistic anecdotes.

The words sincere and thoughtful are now apt to be applied to anything from TV talks to hand-knitted ties, but they, nevertheless, both apply to Mr. Alan Thomas's penetrating, acute and wholly compassionate novel, THE GOVERNOR (Gollancz. 18s.), in which this exceptionally gifted author examines the predicament of a liberally-minded administrator in a soon-to-be-independent colony. Recommended, in real admiration.

LINDSAY LANGTON AND WIVES (Collins. 15s.), Miss Doreen Wallace's new novel, explores the life and loves of a sensible if susceptible Suffolk farmer, and has her impeccable rightness of local phrase and mood. How reassuring it is to find a writer with this invariable high standard and sensibility.

Detective story of the week is Mr. Hillary Waugh's ROAD BLOCK (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.), in which a minutely planned pay-roll robbery is carried out, several men murdered and the criminals caught by equally minute planning on the part of the police. Connecticut background, excellent dialogue and, oddly enough, very little excitement. **Vernon Fane**

WELLINGTON AS WARRIOR

There exist in print about thirty volumes of Wellington's war despatches alone, published between 1834 and 1880. The Duke never wrote and never sponsored his war memoirs. He had a great regard for the truth of history and probably would have shaken his head at the modern fashion in war memoirs. And, no doubt at all, the truth is more nearly established by contemporary despatches and orders than by post-war recollections and self-justifications. But the Duke would talk freely about his battles and enjoyed reading Gurwood's volumes, which " renewed his youth." Multiple-volume books are not popular to-day, and Anthony James-Brett, in his WELLINGTON AT WAR (Macmillan. 42s.), has made a sound selection, with a few more unpublished letters which throw no new important light.

They show us the man we knew and whom his contemporaries knew. Peel summed up Wellington's " papers " as revealing " comprehensiveness of views, simplicity, clearness of expression, profound sagacity." Manliness and public spirit, self-reliance, straightness, iron nerve and will, were characteristics always accepted. He was ruthless for his cause. He was trusted and admired as few Englishmen have been. Love and affection he neither sought nor won. Duty came before all.

Nelson, Byron, Charles II are eternal figures of romance, but the battle of Waterloo is more romantic than the man who won it. However in his correspondence with women, whose society he enjoyed, a more human Wellington emerges, and perhaps strictly his Waterloo letter to Fanny Webster (the addressee of Byron's " When we two parted ") is a romantic touch in *Wellington at War*. In old age he was to reveal an astonishing patience and humility in correspondence with eccentric females. He usually showed a great deference to his eldest brother, inculcated in youth. When Wellesley, in the hectic times at Dublin Castle, remarked to his young page " My brother Arthur is the greatest ass in Christendom," he was considering his brother as a politician.

As a world figure in his day, the Duke still stands unchallenged. As a supreme master in the art of war, his position is still argued. Nobody doubts that he put his country and his duty, as he saw it, first. Mr. James-Brett's selection from his war papers admirably emphasises that. The whole man, in his long life, is a more complicated study. **John Gore**

In a scene from Ibsen's play, Lyngstrand (Richard Pasco) explains how he got his weak chest to Arnholm (Michael Gwynn) and Ellida (Margaret Leighton)

The Stranger (John Neville) returns for Ellida

THE LADY FROM THE SEA

at the Queen's Theatre

Directed by Glen Byam Shaw, and with a star-studded cast, the revival of Ibsen's ironic comedy is giving London audiences the chance to see one of the most misunderstood of the dramatist's plays. The part of Ellida, the lighthouse keeper's daughter, used to be one of Duse's most famous roles. Her histrionics have perhaps obscured the play's edge and its near-Chekovian sense of atmosphere. The story makes use of some of Ibsen's favourite symbols: it tells of Ellida, unsatisfied in her marriage to Dr. Wangel as his second wife, feeling that she is rejected by his daughters Boletta and Hilda, and longing for what she cannot have—the Stranger, a demonic seaman to whom she once bound herself. In her hysterical obsession she cannot see people as they are. To resolve this situation arrive first Boletta's former tutor, Arnholm, and then the Stranger himself. The delicate humour of the tutor's wooing of Boletta and Hilda's fascination for the romantically ill Lyngstrand reflect Ellida's struggle to see reality more vividly than her obsession. The strong cast reveal a uniformity of style and delicacy of touch.

Left:
Ellida embraces Hilda (Joanna Dunham), watched by Boletta (Vanessa Redgrave) and Dr. Wangel (Andrew Cruickshank)

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir John Pascoe

As chairman and managing director of British Timken Ltd., Sir John Pascoe is head of the largest manufacturer of tapered roller bearings in Britain. He joined the board in 1930 and conceived and directed the construction of the factories at Duston and Daventry, in Northamptonshire, during the firm's expansion. He is also chairman of Aberdare Holdings Ltd., of which an important part is South Wales Switchgear Ltd. John Frederick Pascoe was born at Redruth, in Cornwall, in 1893. After he had served throughout the First World War he went up to Cambridge where he took an honours degree in engineering at St. John's. He served an apprenticeship at Leeds Forge and then for four years was Secretary of the Electric and Railway Finance Company. Sir John has other extensive interests in industry. He is a Freeman of the City of London, a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Tin Plate Workers, alias Wireworkers of London, and a Liveryman of the Fishmongers Company. Evidence of his interest in education is shown by his membership of the Regional Advisory Council for the Organisation of Further Education in the East Midlands. A well-known patron of sport, Sir John is on the executive committee of the Northamptonshire County Cricket Club and is President of the South Northants Schools' Football Association. His interest in sport led to the magnificently equipped sports field at the Duston factory and the development of the British Timken horse show. His own sporting activity is fishing. Sir John, who lives near Spratton in Northamptonshire, is married with two children. His daughter is married to Mr. J. B. Eden, Conservative M.P. for Bournemouth West, and his son is a subaltern in the Scots Guards

A DOCTOR TO CURE THE RAILWAYS?

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

"The task," said Mr. Ernest Marples, Minister of Transport, in a Commons debate at the end of January this year, "is not only running one of the biggest industries in the country, if not the biggest; it is the task of transforming its structures, its outlook and its finances. The Government will have to have regard to these special needs in their search for the best available talent, and in considering the terms on which it can be obtained." About seven weeks later, the Commons and the country learned the inwardness of what he had said.

It is a measure of our times—reflecting both a healthy interest in personality rather than in organisation and a less healthy element of envy—that some newspapers and many people have taken more interest in the new chairman-designate of the British Railways Board and the salary the Government is to pay him than they did in the reorganisation of the railways, which the Government outlined at the beginning of this year but which it will be Dr. Richard Beeching's job to lead the railway system through. The appointment is certainly an interesting one. Dr. Beeching is the first important businessman to accept appointment to the chairmanship of any nationalised industry, either from the Labour Governments that nationalised these industries or the Conservative Governments that have had the responsibility of supervising a form of industrial organisation of which they do not ideologically approve. And the terms on which the job was offered may begin a complete revolution in the salaries which the Government has so far felt it possible to pay top administrators in these industries.

However, the amounts that are most significant in Dr. Beeching's new job will be measured in hundreds of millions, not tens of thousands. The railways are at present running at an operating deficit of about £60,000,000 a year; the task he has accepted is of turning that into an operating surplus of about £60,000,000 a year. It is one that will have to be carried out under constant scrutiny from Parliament, Press and public, not often informed and most often unsympathetic; and inevitably this first test of how a private businessman handles a public industry will be a personally demanding one. But if Dr. Beeching and British Railways can carry it out, nobody from outside will be arguing much about paying the chairman £24,000 a year.

Getting a businessman to decide how to run a railway is one new aspect of this new appointment; bringing a scientist in at the top is another that could in the long run prove more important. Sir Christopher Hinton, certainly, was appointed some years ago to run the Central Electricity Generating Board, but electricity supply is a science-based industry in which technology tends to be of even more importance than administration. Some people would say that it ought to be of more importance on the railways, too, and the fact that it isn't is one of the main troubles; but labour and its relations with management and the public must always be of more importance in a transport service than in power supply. Be that as it may, one may recall that it was under a distinguished engineer-administrator, M. Louis Armand, that the French Railways embarked upon a technical revolution that now, after several years, seems happily to be reaping some financial success as well.

Dr. Beeching has had some opportunity to consider whether any such revolution, technical and financial, can be achieved in the case of British Railways; he was one of the members of the special group under Sir Ivan Stedeford who was appointed by Mr. Marples last year to advise him on how the railways should be reorganised. His study of the problem, then, will have given him some assessment of what has been done so far on the technical side, and opinions about how this can be complemented with a new structure of organisation and finance. He has been appointed to the chairmanship of a board that does not yet exist. Until it does, he will become a part-time member of the British Transport Commission, until that body is cut up into the new operating boards that will become responsible for its various different activities. The commission has already gone some way towards implementing the large-scale modernisation plan upon which it embarked in 1956; but probably less than half of the capital expenditure to which it then committed the public purse has so far been spent. Will the new British Railways Board, under Dr. Beeching, remain equally committed to completing what was originally envisaged as a fifteen-year plan?

The modernisation programme has undergone some considerable changes since it was first put to the Government in 1956; not least in the estimates of how much it is likely to cost. It was first estimated to cost about £1,240,000,000, and allied with the hope that it would enable the railways to break even by about 1961 or 1962. This year, in fact, the Government estimates that the Commission's total deficit, not on railways alone, will reach £103,000,000. During 1959, having lurched heavily into deficit, the Transport Commission produced a reappraisal of their plan. This put the bill on capital account up to £1,660,000,000, and postponed the break-even point until, say, 1963. The Government published this plan, but did not specifically approve or endorse it, just before the last general election; and when it came back into office, one of its first proposals was to reorganise nationalised transport in Britain.

It is now committed to legislation for this purpose; in the meantime, it has said that modernisation can go ahead, including the most controversial project of all, the London Midland mainline electrification from Euston to Crewe, Manchester and Liverpool. But the Ministry is now meting out its financial support a good deal more carefully, as is understandable in dealing with any organisation where performance has run so disappointingly below promises. Mr. Marples said in the House of Commons in January that when the Ministry examined the detailed proposals for particular parts of the modernisation scheme it found them rather inadequately worked out, considering the millions of pounds involved. Since last year it has been requiring much more advance detail for all schemes costing more than a quarter of a million pounds. The Midland electrification scheme will cost, according to the latest estimate, no less than £175,000,000.

During January the Transport Commission produced for the Minister a four-year investment programme, embodying all the projects that they really believe are essential and can be carried out by 1965. Dr. Beeching will presumably be consulted in the assessment of this programme of work, which still falls short of the time-span over which the original fifteen-year modernisation was proposed to last. It will include most of the projects over the implementation of which he will have to preside;

At Stanford-le-Hope, on the Eastern Region's London, Tilbury and Southend line, is the first of the Region's new signal relay rooms made of shining white plastic. The revolutionary building houses electrical equipment for automatic and semi-automatic signalling systems which are being introduced on British Railways

more important, it should include projects that ought to help him towards the goal of breaking even and showing some kind of profit by 1966, the completion of his term of office.

Precisely how much direct control he will exercise has still to be worked out. In a sense, the Government's proposals are designed to centralise and to decentralise railway management, both at once. The new Railways Board will in some ways resemble the old Railway Executive which an earlier Conservative Government abolished in 1953; but it will differ in owning the assets that it manages and in including representatives of the regional railway boards that it will appoint.

The new board will begin without a good deal of the financial burden that still bows down the Transport Commission; but its debts will still be rather massive. At present, the Commission is formally obliged to pay interest on £1,600,000,000 of railway capital (an obligation honoured largely in the breach rather than in the observance). The new Board will have £400,000,000 written off finally as a bad debt, representing current losses incurred since 1955. Another £800,000,000 is being placed in a "suspense account": the Government does not know whether it will ever be possible for the railways to pay interest on this, and is relieving the railways of responsibility for interest on it. The remaining £400,000,000 represents "modernisation investment," on which the railways will still have to pay, or owe, interest. But by the time that Dr. Beeching's Board hopes to break even after paying that interest, the capital involved may be more than double that figure: about £140,000,000 is being invested in the railways in 1961 alone.

ADOLF MORATH PHOTOGRAPHS

BRITISH INDUSTRY

The Wedgwood factory at Barlaston

When the clay piece from the thrower, or jolleyer (cup maker), has dried to "cheese-hard" consistency, the turner at a power-operated lathe shaves the surplus clay to the correct shape. He adds beads or fillets to the clay with a tool called a "runner"

Left: To many people throwing a pot is perhaps the most familiar of all handicrafts. To-day it is much as it was in Biblical times, but now the wheel is rotated by electricity and the speed is controlled by the use of a foot pedal

Embossed clay bas-reliefs are made from fired pottery moulds. Soft clay is pressed into the moulds which absorb some of the water and allow it to contract enough for the figure maker to loosen the figures with a spatula

For many people the Potteries is a region of dirt and belching smoke from the distinctively-shaped bottle ovens. But every year 37,000 or so visitors, many from overseas, who go to the Wedgwood factory at Barlaston, six miles from Stoke-on-Trent, carry away a different impression—of a clean, modern, all-electric factory. It is situated on a 400-acre estate, presided over by the statue of the founder, Josiah Wedgwood, a replica of the one which confronts visitors outside Stoke-on-Trent station. The growth of the Potteries is bound up in the history of the Wedgwood family. Josiah Wedgwood himself changed the eating habits of eighteenth-century England. When he started his business in 1759, he produced a range of useful ware for ordinary middle-class people which replaced the trenchers of wood or crude pottery then in use.

For over 180 years, six generations of the Wedgwood family laboured diligently at Etruria, the factory and garden village built by Josiah in 1769 and named after the classical designs which he had so much admired. They produced Queen's Ware (fine earthenware); black basalt and Jasper (with raised classical ornaments). Etruria became a busy industrial town and by 1936 it was clear that the original factory was no longer suitable. In 1938 the foundation-stone of the first all-electric pottery was laid at Barlaston. The site area is 247,000 sq. ft. and provides an overall working area of more than 400,000 sq. ft. Manufacture started at the new factory in 1940 but mainly because of the war the transfer of all departments was not completed for another ten years. Nearly 2,000 people work at Barlaston. Some of the employees live in the nearby Wedgwood village. A wide range of leisure-time interests is catered for. Last year, a five-day week was introduced and the firm has the proud record of never having a strike in over 200 years.

Although the making of the ware is still a craft—the "art, mistery, occupation or imployment of throwing and turning"—to-day's methods of production combine the traditional skills with scientific and engineering developments. The thrower's wheel and the turner's lathe are powered by electricity, as are the slip mills, the blending arks, the filter presses and the pug mills. Overhead conveyor belts carry trays of ware between the various departments. The raw materials, clays from Devon and Cornwall and flints from the Kentish coast, no longer arrive by barge but by railway to the factory's own sidings. Bone, a necessary

Continued on page 30

After moistening the clay surface, the clay bas-relief is fixed by pressure of the craftsman's fingers. A very sensitive touch is needed or the fine details would be spoilt. The placing of the various figures depends solely upon the judgment of the craftsman

A pattern for reproduction by printing is first drawn to fit the curves of the ware to which it will be applied. It is then engraved by hand on copper cylinders or flat copper plates using a sharp-pointed tool called a graver. Prints from the cylinders are taken on a continuous roll of paper

Plates are made by a combination of hand and mechanical processes. A weighted ball of clay is spread into a pancake known as a bat. This is thrown onto a rotating mould, the shape of the plate face. The back is shaped by a metal face which is pulled down by the maker with his left hand, while with his right he works the clay

THE WEDGWOOD FACTORY AT BARLASTON

(*Continued from page 28*)

ingredient for the making of bone china, is obtained locally. Only 6.6 per cent. of the gross weight of raw material used every week is imported.

Over 200 tableware designs are in current production, some of them dating from the eighteenth century. Changing tastes are watched closely. The art director and his team are constantly engaged in producing new designs and there is a resident designer in New York. Millions of pieces of table and ornamental ware leave the factory annually. It is perhaps surprising that less than a fifth are Jasper—the ware closely associated with Josiah Wedgwood and which took him over 10,000 experiments to perfect. To-day's moulds for these figures are made from the eighteenth-century originals.

Of the factory's total output about 60 per cent. goes overseas, particularly to dollar-earning areas. Last year export orders rose by 27 per cent. over the 1959 figures. Wedgwood is still a private company. Two of the great-great-great grandsons of the founder are on the board of directors—the Hon. Josiah Wedgwood, as chairman, and Sir John Wedgwood, as deputy-chairman. It is a company where the traditions and example of the founder are strong and it is fitting to think that his best memorial is a modern, spacious factory, when the words of Gladstone are recalled—" He was the greatest man who ever, in any age or in any country, applied himself to the important work of uniting art with industry."

Many articles and shapes are best made by casting. The caster pours slip (liquid clay about the thickness of cream) into a plaster mould which absorbs some of the water. A coating of clay is deposited on the inside of the mould: the thickness of this depends on the length of time the slip is left in the mould. Only by his skill and long experience can the caster judge when to pour away the surplus slip

As the clay, formed from the slip on the sides of the mould dries, it contracts and can be removed when the mould is opened

Left: Many printed patterns are coloured by hand, although a few designs are still painted entirely free hand. In these plates the basic design has been applied by transfer printing. After they have been painted they are fired. In spite of the complex nature of the process, this design costs less than £7 for a tea-set for six people

Right: When the clay is white hard it is ready for the biscuit or first firing. The ware is placed on refractory fire-clay platforms on the kiln trucks with layers of sand to prevent warping. Trucks, fifty at a time, pass slowly through an electrically heated 273-ft.-long tunnel taking about seventy hours. Earthenware reaches a maximum temperature of 1,150 deg. C

Some pieces of ornamental ware, such as orange-bowls, are still made entirely by hand. The bowl is first pressed in a mould and then the pierced sections are cut out by hand, before the first firing and while the clay is cheese-hard. Great skill is needed in handling the wet clay

The rims and bases of all cast articles have to be carefully cleaned and the seams smoothed off. A perspex screen and a powerful fan afford protection from the clay dust and particles

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

SIGHT AND SOUND

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Despite stocks of nearly 1,000,000 unsold television sets, there is an air of unquenchable optimism about the pronouncements of most of the leaders of the radio industry. Mr. Charles Stanley, head of the recently-formed British Electronic Industries group, the merger company of Pye and E. K. Cole, said a few weeks ago that " the impact of the Government's policy on hire purchase restrictions and the credit squeeze is affecting the company's current trading situation most seriously, but the management is satisfied that the strength of the Pye and Ekco organisations is being kept intact and I have no hesitation in stating that although we cannot look for encouragement during the present trading year, the position is well in hand to maintain and expand both companies' business after March 31."

Mr. Jules Thorn, head of Thorn Electrical Industries, said that the high degree of saturation reached in the television market must inevitably result in reduced sales, but he was confident that his group would continue to increase its share of the total business. Sir Joseph Lockwood, of Electric and Musical Industries, also said he believed cautious optimism was justified. Mr. Michael Sobell, of Radio and Allied (Holdings), while complaining of big stocks on his hands, believed that his company had fared better than most.

Last year was, in fact, a shock period for the radio industry. In 1959 more than 2,500,000 television sets were despatched from the factories to the shops and in the autumn of that year most manufacturers believed there was no end to the boom in sight. Productive capacity was stepped up but even before the credit curbs were introduced in April 1960, stocks of unsold sets were mounting. By the year's end it was calculated that factory despatches to the shops were down by a third on 1959. On the sound radio side the outlook was more cheerful with deliveries up by a fifth at over 1,800,000 sets.

Until last year the industry had expanded rapidly since the war, with the number of television licences growing from 15,000 in 1947 to more than 11,000,000. But with 65 per cent. of households owning a television set the industry had begun to think in terms of replacement demand. The transistorised radios have given a new lease of life to the sound radio side, which for many years had been relying almost entirely on replacement demand. But the more progressive companies have expanded into electronics, industrial television and computers as a hedge against falling radio and television sales.

Inevitably there have been mergers and absorptions. A. C. Cossor sold its radio and television business to the Dutch-owned Philips Electrical group; Philco sets are now made by Thorn Electrical, which has also taken over from Electric and Musical Industries the manufacture of His Master's Voice and Marconiphone equipment. General Electric Company recently made a bid for Radio and Allied, the Sobell and McMichael company. But perhaps the most successful of the themes and variations adopted by the industry has been in renting and " piping " radio and television. Radio Rentals was a pioneer in this business, operating as far back as 1933. Besides renting radios and televisions, it sells sets through its 220-odd branches all over the country. It makes its own sets under the trade name " Baird," and also manufactures the cabinets itself. Profits have grown from £1,000,000 in 1952 to almost £6,000,000 in the year ending last August. Mr. P. Perring-Thoms, the chairman, recently said that the number of television sets installed was a record despite the setback after the credit curbs of April 1960. At 28s. the Ordinary shares yield 3½ per cent.

The biggest company in the " piped " sound and vision field (renting sets to which programmes are relayed by cable from central receiving stations) is British Relay Wireless and Television Ltd. It has taken over a whole series of smaller relay companies, including Link Sound and Vision Services, and provides wire sound and vision to schools, hospitals, hotels and factories as well as to private homes. It has links with Pye and Murphy, which provide much of its equipment. Sir Robert Renwick, the chairman, said that activity is at a high level and this year's profits were expected to be £1,000,000 higher than last year's which, at £2,500,000, were in turn £1,000,000 more than the previous year. At 24s. the shares yield 3·4 per cent.

Rediffusion Ltd. is even older than Radio Rentals. It was established in 1928 as a sound-by-wire service and there are now more than 500,000 subscribers to its radio and television services in the United Kingdom and about 300,000 overseas. One of its most astute moves was to take a 37½ per cent. stake in Associated Rediffusion, the commercial television company providing mid-week programmes in the London area. It also hires and sells television receivers, publishes television weeklies, and has a radio and electronics subsidiary. It recently linked with the Rank Organisation to develop Pay-as-you-View television. Profits in the year ending March 31 are expected to be more than £7,000,000, a rise of over £500,000. The other major wire and hire company is Relay Exchanges, whose profits last year were about £3,500,000. It has acquired some strange sidelines in rust-proofing and metal window companies but these are a tiny part of its activities. The shares yield 4·4 per cent. at 23s. 6d.

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

The British Transport Hotels and Catering Services are probably the largest catering organisation in this country, and at the same time the most maligned. This colossus is responsible for running hundreds of establishments from the humblest station refreshment rooms to some of our finest luxury hotels and restaurants. Personally I have nothing but admiration for the way these latter are managed. Having used many of them for years I have seen the enormous effort put into renovation and improvement everywhere, and the exceptionally high standards maintained in service, comfort and cuisine.

I was glad of an opportunity the other day to express these views to the man who is largely responsible for all this excellence, Mr. E. J. Vacher, the Chief Hotels Manager. The occasion was an excellent lunch we had together at the Beaufort Restaurant, a most surprising temple of *haute cuisine* in the middle of the City of London, adjoining grimy Liverpool Street Station. It is part of the Abercorn Rooms at the Great Eastern Hotel which cater, mainly for luncheons and banquets in the evenings, for many hundreds every day.

The Beaufort Restaurant is small and intimate, only seating about sixty people, but everything is of the finest. My host explained to me that the underlying idea when this special room was inaugurated was to create a place which would resemble, or at least approximate, the standards to be found in the private dining-rooms of the old City and East India Merchants. So the ambiance, the service and the food are impeccable in the highest English tradition with a strong French influence in the cooking. There is always Baron of Scotch Beef or Haunch of English Mutton on the carving trolley. Another *Plat du Jour* invariably owes its origin to classical *haute cuisine*. We started our meal with an *hors d'oeuvre* of a wide selection such as one finds only rarely. We followed this with some fresh prawns and Sauce Tartare. For our main dish we had *Caneton Braisé Montmorency* (braised duckling with a sauce *demi-glacé* and Morello cherries) one of the *plats du jour*, exquisitely prepared and carved at our table, and ended with a Camembert in fine condition. Our wines were Puligny Montrachet 1955 followed by a very good Vosne Romanée 1952 chosen from a very extensive and well-compiled wine list. The wines provided in all British Transport establishments have always impressed me and filled me with the greatest admiration for the man responsible for buying. Even the wines served in restaurant cars are good and sound and extremely good value for the price. One day I hope to meet this expert, and perhaps will be able to visit the cellars he commands.

Returning to the food I must mention that the superb cooking found at the Beaufort Restaurant is under the direct supervision of an Englishman, Mr. Douglas Goode, who has risen to the position of *Chef des Cuisines* for the whole conglomeration of the Great Eastern Hotel and the Abercorn Rooms after a long and varied career of experience in this country and India, where he served as area catering officer during the last war.

That most prolific of English cheeses, Cheddar, has a great deal to live down after it was so sadly compromised during years of shortages when it became known under the deprecating name of " mousetrap." Hand-to-mouth economy of wartime and the years after has necessitated the sale of immature and often tasteless, insipid Cheddar. To remedy this situation, the Milk Marketing Board are now experimenting with producing cheeses, both farmhouse and creamery, which have the necessary long-keeping qualities and therefore can be matured in suitable conditions. Maturing is naturally going to increase the cost of the end-product. Storage, handling and shrinkage is estimated to cost about 10s. per hundredweight of cheese for every additional month of maturity above three months. The little extra is well worth it.

I have tasted some examples, of both farmhouse and creamery Cheddars which have been matured for a varying number of months from three to twelve, and found the effect of maturing for even only six months most impressive. I think that the most noticeable change takes place at the beginning of the process. The improvement after that is perceptible but quite slow and gradual until it stops, the cheese " goes over the top " and the quality deteriorates. This critical stage is reached after a length of time spent in the maturing cellars varying with different cheeses, only known to the specialist expert. Personally I thought, not being an expert, that maturing up to six to eight months would be most beneficial and safe.

Anyone interested in English cheeses will enjoy reading *The Cheeses of Old England*, by Shelagh Fraser (Aberlard-Schuman. 12s. 6d.). The first part of this book describes Miss Fraser's pilgrimage in search of the best of the old favourites, tracking them down to their sources. In some cases she found that cheeses were manufactured on a highly organised, industrial basis, but in others she had to drive up twisty, rutted lanes to remote farms and cottages, where the occupier would make a cheese now and then, mainly for her own use or for her most intimate friends only. Surprisingly, such was her experience when she was searching for the well-known cheese of Wales at Caerphilly. In the second part, useful menus and recipes are given, mainly with an eye on the American market judging by the wines suggested to go with them.

A huge Italian oil-drilling platform is named "The Wild Cat" in a ceremony at Marina di Carrara, in Northern Italy. It is one of two units, of which the second is under construction. The hull of each is 196 ft. long and 164 ft. wide. The platform, built by the Nuovo Pignoni Company of Florence, is stabilised by legs let down to rest on the sea-bed. It is said to be the largest such vessel in the world and is destined to be towed to the Persian Gulf for oil exploration. On board is all the necessary equipment for drilling, including servicing workshops, cement mixers and a 4,500-h.p. diesel-electric power plant to operate the drilling rig and other services. The crew of about fifty are accommodated in air-conditioned quarters. Supplies can be flown out to the platform by helicopter for which there is a landing stage

MAN-MADE ISLAND

MOTORING

AT THE GENEVA SHOW

Optimism among the British visitors

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Next to the new Jaguar sports car the main topic of conversation among British motor industry representatives attending the Geneva Motor Show was the decision of Standard-Triumph to save their dealers the trouble of giving the Heralds the usual thorough inspection before delivery to customers. This will be made possible by introducing new production operations and inspection procedures on the assembly lines in the firm's new £2,500,000 plant at Coventry. "Every Herald will come off the line ready for use by the customer," Mr. Alick Dick, Standard-Triumph chairman, told me when I was in Coventry recently. "Our dealers will have merely to put in the carpets and check the radiator, sump and battery levels."

As Mr. Frank Higham, Standard-Triumph home sales director, told the recent London conference of the Motor Agents' Association, it is hoped this big policy change will encourage a sense of craftsmanship among the men who have to carry out boring, repetitive tasks on the assembly line.

Another big talking-point at Geneva was the announcement by Mr. John Hay, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, that when the first phase of the vehicle-testing scheme ends on May 15 the Ministry will consider the desirability of compulsory tests for cars *less* than ten years old. Mr. Hay stated that of the 369,000 vehicles voluntarily submitted for test up to January 31, just over 40 per cent. were failed for these reasons: defective brakes (two-thirds); faulty steering (one-half); inefficient lighting (one-third).

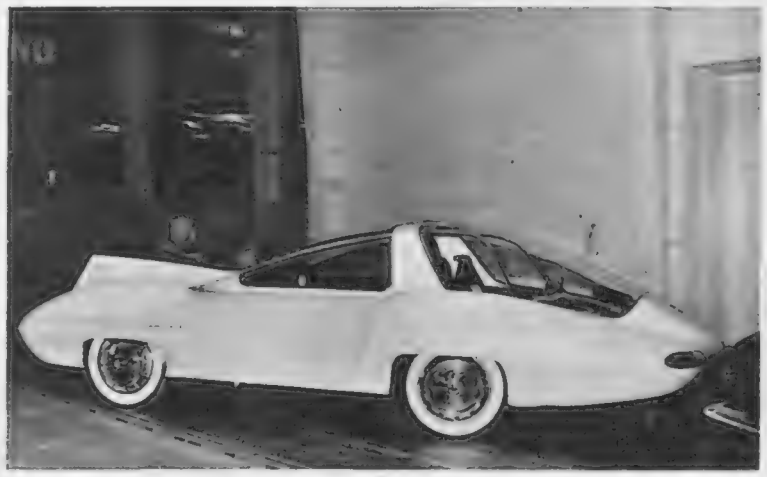
The Geneva Show opened in an atmosphere of optimism as far as the British visitors were concerned. Executives of the leading car firms brought with them news of such a rapid reduction of short-time working that a return to peak production—or not far short of it—was being freely predicted by the middle of the summer. The new "E" type Jaguar, which I fully described in my last article, was the big sensation of the Show. The British industry as a whole was strongly represented. Switzerland builds no cars, and as there are no import restrictions it has long been regarded as a barometer for Europe's motor industry.

British car sales in Switzerland have been declining and regrettably this is a state of affairs which reflects a wider failure by British firms to maintain their former share of Europe's mounting car sales. In talks with some of the Birmingham, Coventry, Oxford, Dagenham and Luton car chiefs visiting Geneva, I was happy to note a new sense of urgency about the problems of European sales. What a pity it has come (in most cases) *after* the set-back in the U.S. market.

Circulating at the Geneva Show were details of a new *Gran Turismo* edition of the 1.6-litre Sunbeam Alpine sports car. It is the work of Thomas Harrington Ltd., of Hove, Sussex, and George Hartwell Ltd., of Bournemouth, Hants. More details next week.

Joseph Lucas Ltd., who have supplied for the new Jaguar a new type of electric fuel pump totally immersed in the petrol tank, an electrically-driven, thermostatically-controlled radiator fan and triple windscreen-wipers, were also exhibiting at Geneva a sensational new electronic ignition system. It is a patented system in which high-tension voltage is produced entirely by means of an electronic circuit. It is intended for high-performance racing engines, which in 8-cylinder form may soon be developing 15,000 r.p.m. The Lucas electronic ignition system is capable of producing 1,000 sparks per second whereas the maximum from coil ignition is about 400. Magnetos can give no more than 500. "It should be emphasized that this system is still under development to meet the needs of advanced racing engine design," said a Lucas spokesman. "For normal engine applications the present ignition system is perfectly adequate and will continue to be employed."

The Dodge Dart Phœnix is a large saloon with a 5,212-c.c. V-8 engine



One of the special-bodied cars at the Geneva Show—the Ghia Selene II

This week-end the new season's motor sport really gets under way with the start of the Safari Rally in Kenya (where I hope to be by the time these notes appear) and big motor race meetings at Goodwood and Brand's Hatch on Easter Monday. The Sussex event is an international meeting and the British Automobile Racing Club has laid on an attractive programme of races catering for the new 1½-litre Formula, the new Formula Course (which is the new name for last year's Formula One, for 2½-litre cars) and the Junior Formula. A number of new cars will be making their first appearance and many of the stars will be there. The Brand's Hatch meeting is a national event which is also certain to draw a big crowd.

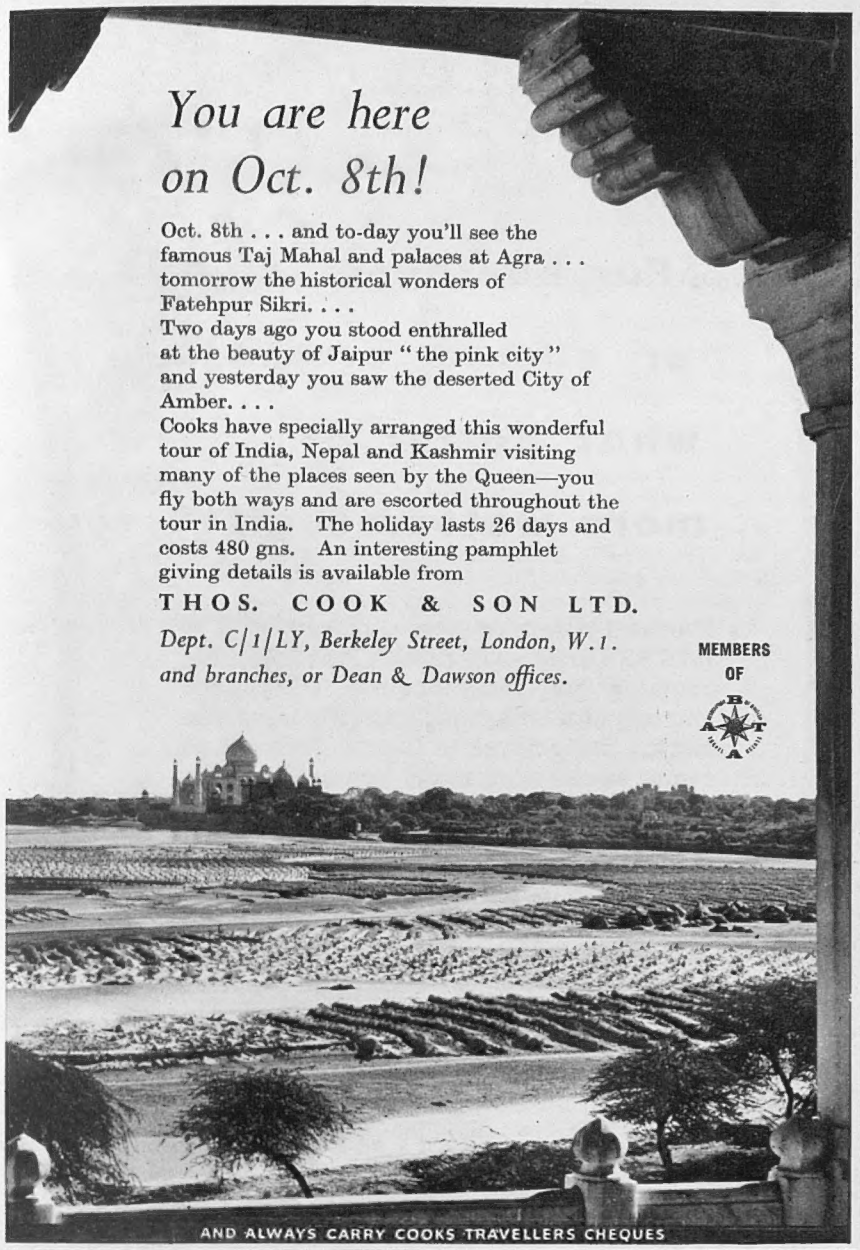
In the tough Safari Rally some sixty cars were due to start from Nairobi late on Thursday night. By the time the survivors clock-in at the final control back in Nairobi on Monday afternoon they will have travelled 3,350 miles, many of them over some of Africa's roughest, dustiest, loneliest roads. Their route lies through Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda. The drivers have to skirt the foothills of Kilimanjaro, pass the western wall of the Great Rift Valley and call at Mbulu, where the District Commissioner lives in an old German fort with castellated walls. Another control is at Bagamoyo, which means "I leave my heart behind." It was so called because it was at one time a slave-traffic H.Q. From here Livingstone started his last safari nearly 100 years ago.

He would have accomplished that journey (given adequate roads) much more comfortably had he been using a brand of American car I had the pleasure to try out recently: the Dodge Dart Phœnix, a product of the Chrysler Corporation. It is a big car by British standards, with a V-8 engine of 5,212 c.c., a wheel-base of 9 ft. 10 ins. and an overall length of 17 ft. 6 ins. (which is 7 ft. 6 ins. longer than an Austin Seven). In spite of its extravagant overall size and lavish roominess, I found it easy to drive and pleasant to handle. It always makes an agreeable change to be sitting behind the enormous engine of an American car with more than adequate power available in a rapid, quiet, effortless surge.

The Phœnix has the Torqueflite system of automatic transmission with three ratios and controlled in the simplest method imaginable: by a row of tiny push-buttons on the dashboard near the steering-wheel (which in the Canadian-built car I tested was on the right-hand side). You just press the button marked D (for "drive") and forget all about the gears. In case of need there are buttons to press if you want to hold either middle or bottom gear. The four-door sedan lent me by Mr. Wendell Clough, of Chrysler Motors, Kew, cost £2,687, inc. tax, in Britain.

Briefly . . . Congratulations to Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, founder of the Beaulieu Motor Museum, on the birth of a son. . . . In 1960 the number of motor vehicles handled by the Dover Harbour Board was 388,000, compared with 219,000 in 1956. . . . Safety harness news: the Duke of Kent has had them fitted to the front seats of both his Mini-Minor and Jaguar. Isetta has become the first British-built small car to have seat belts as standard equipment. . . . Two new books worth having: *The Young Car Driver's Companion* (by Phil Drackett) and *The Motorist's Home Repairs Book* (by Bill Hartley). Both are published by the Souvenir Press at 15s.

Transparent litter-bags with a dual purpose (they are also useful for carrying sandwiches) are being distributed by R.A.C. road patrols all over the country. . . . Three new Castrol films of the usual high quality of this series deal with the 1960 International Six Days' Trial in Austria; the Veteran Car Run to Brighton and a race for historic cars at Silverstone; and this year's R.A.C. International Rally to Scotland and back. . . .



You are here on Oct. 8th!

Oct. 8th . . . and to-day you'll see the famous Taj Mahal and palaces at Agra . . . tomorrow the historical wonders of Fatehpur Sikri. . . .
Two days ago you stood enthralled at the beauty of Jaipur "the pink city" and yesterday you saw the deserted City of Amber. . . .
Cooks have specially arranged this wonderful tour of India, Nepal and Kashmir visiting many of the places seen by the Queen—you fly both ways and are escorted throughout the tour in India. The holiday lasts 26 days and costs 480 gns. An interesting pamphlet giving details is available from

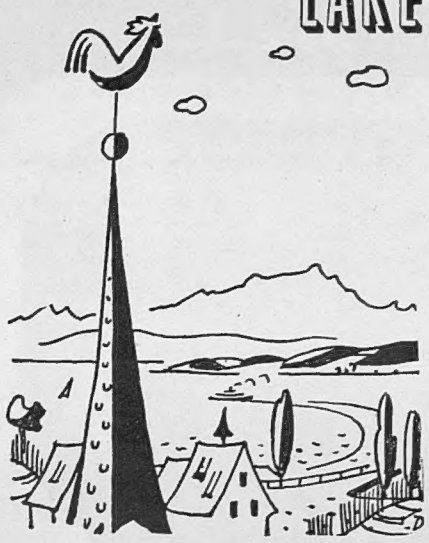
THOS. COOK & SON LTD.

Dept. C/1/LY, Berkeley Street, London, W.1. and branches, or Dean & Dawson offices.

MEMBERS OF

AND ALWAYS CARRY COOKS TRAVELLERS CHEQUES

LAKE CONSTANCE



Bodensee, total area 208 sq. miles, lies at the foot of the Alps, bordered by beautiful orchards and vineyards. Elaborate monuments of art, neolithic lake-dwellings, Roman settlements, medieval imperial towns and romantic castles adorn the shores and give evidence of 1000 years of old culture. Hospitable villages along the sunny beaches invite you for a rest. You will be given a grand holiday, relaxation and pleasure. Full information may be obtained from the local travel bureaux (Verkehrsämter), the German Tourist Bureaux, 61, Conduit Street, London W 1, the Austrian State Touriste Department, 219, Regent Street, London W 1, or the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458, Strand London.

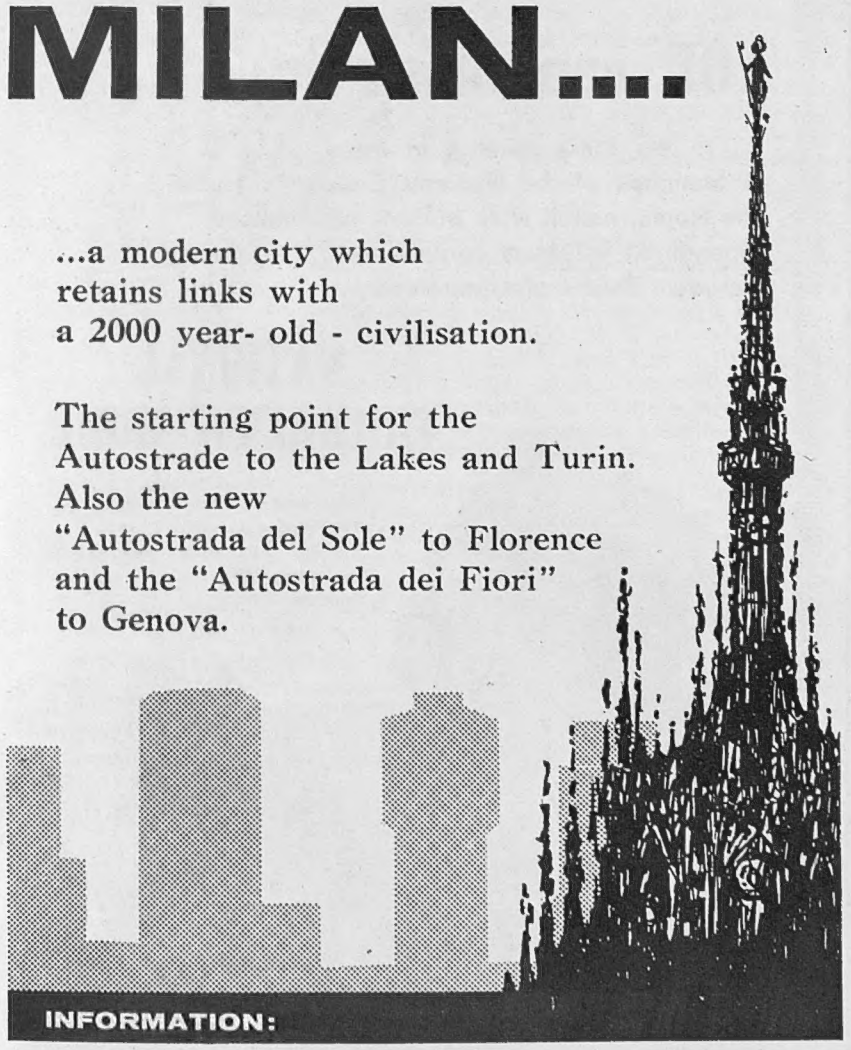
ST.GALL Switzerland *15 mins. from lake, Cathedral and Abbey Library*
BREGENZ Austria *hillside town on the sunny shores of the lake*
FRIEDRICHSHAFEN *beautiful parks and a long lakeside promenade*
IMMENSTAAD *idyllic flowering countryside*
CONSTANCE *old episcopal town on the gateway to Switzerland*
LANGENARGEN *health and bathing resort*
LINDAU *happy holiday island in the glittering lake*
MEERSBURG *romantic town surrounded by vineyards*
RADOLFZELL *delightful little town on the quiet lower lake*
UEBERLINGEN *ideal health resort–for the healthy and convalescent*

CONSTANCE:		LANGENARGEN:	
Insel-Hotel	180 beds from DM 10.- f. b. from 30.-	Hotel Löwen	95 beds from DM 7.- f. b. from 16.-
Kurhotel Waldhaus Jakob	55 beds from DM 10.- f. b. from 25.-	LINDAU:	
ÜBERLINGEN:		Hotel Bad Schachen	200 beds from DM 11.- f. b. from 26.-
Bad-Hotel	80 beds from DM 10.- f. b. from 23.-	Hotel Bayerischer Hof	160 beds from DM 10.- f. b. from 27.-
MEERSBURG:		RAVENSBURG:	
Terrassenhotel Weisshaar	45 beds from DM 10.- f. b. from 24.-	Hotel Hildenbrand	100 beds from DM 8.- f. b. from 21.-

MILAN....

...a modern city which retains links with a 2000 year- old - civilisation.

The starting point for the Autostrade to the Lakes and Turin. Also the new "Autostrada del Sole" to Florence and the "Autostrada dei Fiori" to Genova.



INFORMATION:

Italian State Tourist Office (E.N.I.T.) 201 Regent Street London W.1. Ente Provinciale per il Turismo, Via Caserotte 3, Milan, and all Travel Agencies.

Nomikos Lines

D.E.S." DELOS "

2,500 G.R.T.—18 knots—built 1955

GREECE . . . AEGEAN CRUISES

every Monday from May 15th, 1961

DELOS MYKONOS RHODES CRETE SANTORINI

for information or bookings apply to your Travel Agent or

NOMIKOS (LONDON) LTD. 105, Bishopsgate, London E.C.2 LONdon Wall 6671

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

On the Italian Riviera...
...the Riviera of flowers awaits you

SAN REMO
BORDIGHERA ALASSIO
OSPEDALETTI DIANO MARINA
VENTIMIGLIA IMPERIA TAGGIA

All-the-year-round resorts with every amenity

Information: ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE (ENIT)
201 Regent Street, LONDON, W.1
ENTE PROVINCIALE PER IL TURISMO, IMPERIA
and all Travel Agents

For business friends or clients overseas—what better or more welcome gift?

From all points of view a subscription to THE SPHERE is *just right!* This intensely readable and magnificently illustrated journal is a gift that never misses the mark. Its arrival is looked forward to every week—a pleasant reminder of the giver—and we enclose a card with the first issue giving your name as donor. Subscription rate for 12 months £7 14s. 6d. (Canada £7 0s. 6d.)

Your regular newsagent or bookstall will gladly arrange a subscription for you. Alternatively, you can write to: The Publisher, "The Sphere," Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam St., London, W.C.2, enclosing remittance.

Just published

Derek Tangye

has written the delightful story of a flower farm in Cornwall. With sketches by Jean Tangye

A Gull on the Roof (18/-)

H. S. Turner

his account of a children's Adventure Playground in London

Something Extraordinary

(21/-)

MICHAEL JOSEPH LTD., 26 BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, WC1

YOU can bring joy...

... to the 3,000 children in the 40 branches of the National Children's Home. The Home, nation wide but not nationalised, depends on voluntary contributions from people like you. Please give generously.

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME

Send your Contributions NOW to
The Principal,
The Rev. John Waterhouse, O.B.E.
Highbury Park,
London, N.5.

Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by Martlet Press Ltd., 88–90, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1. Saturday, April 1, 1961. Second-Class Postage paid at New York, New York.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL the First of April has been recognised by youth as the one day in the year when they are entitled to make fools of their elders. Naturally we shall be on our guard, though we may as well tacitly admit that we are subjects for trickery any day of the year.

It is appropriate that on this first day of April we should take cognisance of a selection of hotels, inns and restaurants where the owners are personally concerned in the buying, preparation, cooking and presentation of meals and, in consequence, we are not likely to be fooled by mutton dressed up as lamb and other subterfuges.

On the North Yorkshire moors, nine miles from Whitby and 1,000 ft. up, lies the village of Goathland, bountiful in scenic attraction and health-giving air. Here will be found a cluster of small hotels, inns and guest houses where for sheer honesty in food value we are content to return, again and again, to the twenty-nine-bedroomed *Goathland Hydro,* where Mr. and Mrs. Norton Burns are upholding the high standard set by Mr. Burns' mother. Here, from the hotel's farm and gardens emanate eggs, poultry, bacon, fresh milk and cream and a constant supply of home-grown vegetables.

When we return, as we hope to this year, the chances are that we shall be invited to revisit the kitchens and lured into topping and tailing fresh picked fruit for Gooseberry Fool! The hotel is open each year from Easter until the end of October.

On the wings of pleasant recollection we will now fly to the Roseland Peninsula of South Cornwall where sands, sunshine and spectacular coastline attract more people than can be accommodated in the height of the holiday season. Here I could name a number of hotels where food standards are high, but as I have only the space to give one example, my choice falls on that individualistic hotel, the *Nare* at Veryan, where Mr. and Mrs. E. Carpenter Stringer and their son are experienced caterers and are dedicated to maintaining standards that their visitors can enjoy.

Nothing gives the Stringers greater pleasure than being asked if one can have a look around their kitchens. That is, to their mind, the central spot. If you are interested to delve deeper, stroll around after breakfast and you may happen on the van that brings fresh fish and live lobsters daily from Mevagissey. You are welcome to wander around the hotel's fruit and vegetable gardens—these and local farms provide supplies that come to the restaurant "fresh as the dawn." Finally, because the Carpenter Stringers are proud of what they buy, cook and serve, they personally carve at lunch and dinner from a heated trolley at one's table, a service one rarely sees outside a big city.

Personality, kitchen craft and the ability to draw on local produce are foundation stones for building up a satisfied clientele. An admirable example is the *Moorings Hotel* at Overy Staithe on the Norfolk coast, situated on a tidal creek where wild duck shooting, sailing and sands are three of the holiday attractions. Yet the principal magnet is the standard of homely catering. Visit this farm-like hotel any time between Easter and the end of October and you will find bearded George Phillips in his kitchen and his wife hard at work on the domestic side. In this friendly environment one can be assured of home-grown salads, vegetables, Norfolk poultry, fresh dairy produce and a local speciality, Stiffkey cockles.

There is ever a danger that hotels catering for the reduced-fixed-income group may lower their food standards in relationship to their tariffs. All the more credit to those residential hotels where food standards are high and tariffs are moderate. In the Godalming area of Surrey lies an attractive countryside where the suffix of five villages is "fold." At one of these, Dunsfold, is situated *Burningfold Hall,* which Mr. and Mrs. L. Williamson opened eleven years ago as a residential hotel. Such a reputation has Mrs. Williamson built up for her home-like appetising fare that *Burningfold Hall* has a world-wide reputation for home-leave families and is patronised by local residents. Weekly inclusive terms range from seven to ten guineas.

Another example where resident owners are themselves responsible for the daily output from their kitchens is *North Court Hotel,* Hassocks, eight miles north of Brighton and one hour's train journey from London. Quietly situated, with several acres of garden and orchard, the hotel is personally run by Mrs. Janet Woods and her partner Miss Katherine Lord, who do all the cooking themselves and raise all their own poultry and eggs. Residential terms nine to twelve guineas.

Reverting to quietly situated holiday hotels, I could not—even though I have mentioned it on previous occasions—omit *Woodford Bridge Hotel,* Milton Damerel, North Devon, which is situated on the Holsworthy/Bideford road, seven miles from the former and twelve from the latter. A charmingly furnished home; Commander and Mrs. Sholto Douglas have established a far-flung reputation for their consistently good catering. Here Mrs. Douglas does all the cooking, while her husband sees to it that their own garden maintains its output of fresh-picked produce.

From the foregoing some readers might assume that my interests lie entirely in English cooking but that is by no means the fact, I enjoy the cooking of other Nationals (Chinese excepted) though I would argue that in efficiently cooked English dishes there is little chance of being fooled as one can be by Continental sauces and flavourings. Perhaps the ideal in Britain is the establishment where the resident owners are interested and knowledgable on Continental as well as English dishes.

Take *Lythe Hill Farm Hotel,* Haslemere, Surrey, as an example. Here in this fourteenth-century building, where a sedan chair and a four-poster bed are among the period pieces of furniture, Mr. and Mrs. M. Ogden, resident owners, specialise in Viennese cooking as well as traditional English dishes. Thus roast Surrey chicken and Southdown lamb may feature on a menu alongside Wiener Schnitzel and Apfelstrudel, the latter prepared by an Austrian chef and served by Tyrolean waitresses.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. BALLYLICKEY HOUSE
Luxury country hotel in parkland and ornamental gardens facing the sea. Own sea-trout fishing. Sailing. Private bathrooms. French chef. Write G. Graves.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
25 yards from the sea. An Irish Country House Hotel in glorious scenery, with goggle-fishing, bathing, sailing, or just eating, drinking and lazing. Write R. Kaulback.

BATH, Somerset. LANSDOWN GROVE HOTEL
standing in own beautiful grounds, distinctly individual, with an appeal to all irrespective of age. Every comfort and excellent cuisine. Delightful cocktail bar and grill room. Week-end dancing. Garage. Tel.: 5891/2/3.

BOURNEMOUTH WEST. BOURNE HALL HOTEL
In a key position for sea, shops and shows and with moderate terms. Private baths, lift, delightful garden, hard tennis courts, billiards. Games Room and Ballroom. Lock-up garages. Tel.: Westbourne 63333.

BOURNEMOUTH. ROYAL BATH HOTEL***
For those who can afford the best in appointments, cuisine, service and situation. Admirably equipped for conferences. Tel.: Poole 25555.

CHELTENHAM, Glos. ELLENBOROUGH HOTEL
Centrally yet quietly situated, this family hotel will appeal to those appreciative of their creature comforts in a friendly and efficient environment. Tel.: 2571.

A Caribbean Holiday? . . . We can offer you equal facilities in a similar setting at

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL
JERSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS

There is every form of holiday enjoyment—dancing, water ski-ing direct from the hotel, tennis, golf nearby—or just a laze on the sandy beach. Cocktail bar, sun lounge, gay restaurant and many private bathrooms. Early reservations essential. Weekly terms 12/22 gns.

Write R. H. Colley, Resident Proprietor, or telephone South 1.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First class, 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed. Phone all rooms; suites. Putting, Swimming-pool. Adjoins Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341.

MEVAGISSEY, Cornwall. TREVALSA COURT HOTEL
on the outskirts of a famous fishing village. Magnificent coastal scenery, a pleasant garden, comfort, warmth and quality food. Tel.: 2168.

RAVENSCAR, Nr. Scarborough. RAVEN HALL
A self-contained, fully-licensed holiday hotel. Terms from 42s. a day cover use of hotel swimming-pool, Golf, Putting, Tennis, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing (Orchestra), Cinema, TV. Tel.: Cloughton 233.

ST. MAWES, S. Cornwall. HOTEL TRESANTON
Small and first-class in a sub-tropical garden setting overlooking sea. Excellent food and service. Club Bar. Open now. Tel.: 322

SIDMOUTH, Devon. THE BELMONT
First class, fine sea-front position. Noted for catering, refined comfort and unostentatious service. Many bathrooms communicating. Lift. Fully licensed. Tel.: 1555.

SIDMOUTH, S. Devon. VICTORIA HOTEL
R.A.C. ****, A.A. Fully Licensed. For your Spring holiday or honeymoon. Excellent cuisine, including *à la carte,* bedside radio, dancing, swimming, tennis, putting and billiards. Tel.: 951.

STROUD, Glos. THE BEAR OF RODBOROUGH
Holiday or business? Our situation will suit all. Hunting, golf; close Gloucester, Bristol. First-class cuisine and cellar. Tel.: Amberley 3122.

PRESSURE

So much these days is pressurised. Cookers, Aircraft, Salesmanship, as examples. The consequence? High blood pressure. Before your barometer reaches danger point, may we adapt the words of one of our best-known broadcasters by saying "Be kind to yourself." Take it easy. Come down for a week or so to

THE GRAND, TORQUAY

where you can enjoy the best National Health tonic in Britain. Relaxation from breakfast in bed to your feet up in our sun lounge. Recreation? Free golf, squash, tennis, billiards when you feel like it and a telephone at your bedside if you must keep in touch with the outside world. Tariff with pleasure from the Resident Manager.

Tel.: 25234.

Always a good address whatever the barometer.

TROON. THE MARINE
One of Scotland's finest hotels, facing the Firth of Clyde and near the lovely Burns' country. Modern, luxurious, furnished for ease, comfort, and relaxation. Five famous golf courses, sands, safe bathing. Tel.: 980.

From a painting by Harold Wyllie, O.B.E., Vice-President: Society of Marine Artists.

SENIOR SERVICE
Satisfy

WELL MADE
WELL PACKED

FAMOUS NAMES IN THE ROYAL NAVY

'SOVERAIGN OF THE SEAS'

'Soveraign of the Seas' (original spelling), floated in 1637, was the largest ship in the navy at that time. She was the first British three-decker with flush decks and her design, gradually modified, was followed for nearly two centuries. The painting depicts her being built at Woolwich. With a gundeck length of 173 feet, pierced for 100 guns, and a complement of 800 men, she took part in many actions. In the first Dutch War she was in the four days' fight off the Goodwins in 1666, and in the Battle of Solebay, 1672. Subsequently there have been eight ships of the Royal Navy called 'Royal Sovereign', the most recent being a battleship built in 1915 which saw service in both world wars.